

THE SPIRIT



VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 1

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1

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

"Peace on earth, good will toward men," was sung at the birth of Christ, and up to this day it stands as the real meaning of the Christmas spirit. But now many people seem to have lost the true spirit of Christmas, and think only of themselves, not of the joy they may give to others. Unselfish giving! What does it mean to you? It should mean joy, happiness, and the true spirit of Christmas of "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

Harriet Tilden, '19.

2

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The true spirit of Christmas is an unseen presence, joy, a wonderful expansion of the heart, a sense of comradeship with everybody. It is that we give with love, and no pessimist can drive away that kind of Christmas from our hearts.

Goldie Jacobson, '19.

THE SPIRIT

VOL. 6

DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 1

75c a year

15c a single copy

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SUPPORT THE SPIRIT

Once again the Spirit is beginning a new year of publication. What is going to be the result? A grand success we all hope and why not? Isn't the Ames High School a good old institution? Look at the football teams it turn out, as good as any in the state for the size of the school. Since the Spirit is to represent the school what then can prevent its being a success? To a certain extent the answer lies with the staff, but it can do very little without the help of the whole student body. Surely in a school of this size, there are many students who have liter-

ary ability and artistic talent and the joke box should be overflowing with good, original jokes. Remember, let's have original ones. For the serious articles such as those for the student opinion column, news, and literary departments, a box will be placed in the front of the study hall. Help make this year the most successful in the history of the Spirit and our paper the best school paper in the state.

THE STUDENT OPINION COLUMN

I suppose the students who frequent the halls have heard numerous criticisms of the customs, conditions and organizations of our school.

The Student Opinion Column has for its purpose the bringing of these criticisms to the attention of those who can remove the cause of them. If there is anything you think could be improved in the "Spirit" as well as the other organizations of the school write an article for this column.

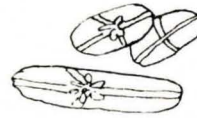
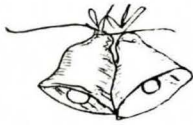
AN APPEAL

There are approximately seventy-five pupils who are in the habit of bringing their lunches and practically all of these are obliged to do so owing to the fact that they live too far to go home at noon. These seventy-five students are turned out into the hall at 12:15 with one-half hour in which to do nothing. Since a large number of these students really wish to study, and the hall is not even a good place in which to visit, one can readily see the injustice of this plan. After an unenjoyable lunch they are compelled to leave the study hall. And where do the pupils go? The greatest share of them go trooping off to "gad" the city streets. Is this the place for young people?

We admit and are sorry to confess that many articles of value have most mysteriously disappeared, which, supposedly, is the principal reason for the closing of the study hall and library at the end of the different sessions.

If it is not possible for us to have access to the study hall at noon, may we not be given another room? As the rest room is the only available room, the girls flock there by the dozens. This is wont to encourage the habit of loafing which is not at all desirable.

—"Dinner Pail Student"

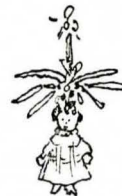
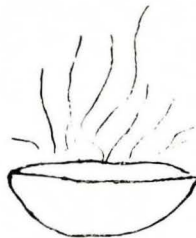
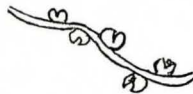


CHRISTMAS CHEER

Oh Christmas time is coming here
 And Santa Claus is very near
 With that fat pack
 On his broad back
 And oh the fun
 When the pudding's done
 And father will carve the roast,
 And Tom and Ruth and little Meg
 All boast that each will have a leg
 But what will they all do
 When there are only two?
 And then big sister is caught by Joe
 Under the lucky mistle-toe.

The sleigh bells jingle everywhere
 And Christmas music is in the air.
 Mysterious bundles hide here and there
 Laid away with the best of care.
 Oh! joyous Christmas time,
 With its carol and its chime,
 Is always welcome here
 With its goodness and its cheer.

—Lydia Taylor, '17.



LITERARY

"NOT THEY WHO SOAR"

(Critical Review of the Poem)

The poem, "Not They Who Soar", is a poem of universal appeal, which was written by a famous colored poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, as he was facing death from tuberculosis. In it is seen much of the author's character, for he was a sympathetic and optimistic man, who had known all "the toil that hugs the sod" and who, in his appreciation of the struggles of those who must labor always in humble positions, wrote this artistic and comforting poem.

In it he defines for us real heroes. The men who travel on well-smoothed paths and soar directly to a world of fame and ease are not heroes. These men have missed all humble toil, their progress is free and rare; they have never known want and cannot "smile upon defeated care". But heroes are they who have worked close to the soil and know want and care, but who have in spite of it, "plod their rugged way unhelped to God."

This is told in pleasing and musical verse, and contains many well-chosen words and good figures of speech. It arouses in the reader a sympathy for the humble working class of people who know no fame, and leaves him feeling pleasantly comforted and encouraged. The poem is quoted below:

Not they who soar but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God
Are heroes; they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.
'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar.

High up there are no thorns to prod,
Nor boulders lurking 'near the clod
To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare;
But heroes they the soil who've trod.
Not they who soar.

—Dorothy Proctor, '17.

WAR

The men crouch low in their trenches, all sticky with mud and
clay,

While overhead the whirring shells go whining on their way.

They hear the roar of the sixteen-inch, the crack of the seventy-
fives,

and the angry buzz of the Maxims, like bees about their hives.

And now the noise increases to one great deafening roar,

The earth rocks, sways and crumbles as 'twere struck by the
hammer of Thor.

'Tis the final preparation, one last great burst of hate,

In a mintue more, these crouching men will be charging to their
fate.

The noise has stopped; the whistles sound; the men spring up
with glee,

For across that narrow stretch of land their enemies they see.

One springs upon the parapet and falls with shuddering moan

But does this deter the others? Fear from their breasts has
flown.

Like small black ants they clamber out, a cheer upon their lips.

A moment more and with the foe they will have closed in grips.

Some stagger, others fall, but still the rest go on:

Now have they reached the barbed wire with but half their
number gone.

They're through; and now with curse and yell they spring upon
the foe,

With rasping clang of bayonets they give back blow for blow.

And now the line sways forward and now the line sways back,

But never, never anywhere is courage found to lack.

But slowly, slowly comes a change, the enemy gives ground,

And forward crowd the brave men and let the cheering sound.

At last the trench is taken, the enemy all slain;

The weary men look round and see this field of death and
pain.

Their hearts are filled with sorrow for friends and comrades
gone;

Their hearts are filled with sorrow as they gaze on blasted
braun;

But their hearts are filled with gladness when they think of
victory won,

And they know their conutry honors them for that which
they have done.

—Ted Nowlin.

A LADIES' PRESENT

It was the week before Christmas and the members of Reader class, with the exception of one little boy, had decided upon what gifts they intended to bestow on Teacher. When little Morris Bailey found out about the gifts for "Teacher", he immediately appealed to his mother, but was met with prompt denial.

"We ain't got no money for to buy nothing," she said sadly. "No money, and your papa all times scared he will get no more."

So Morris was helpless. He could see no way to buy or get a present for his beloved teacher. Oh how he did love her! He loved her more than all the other children put together. And he couldn't give her a present.

The days went by. Soon the great day, the Friday before Christmas, came. Everything was in a turmoil. Doors opened suddenly and softly to admit little people with mysterious parcels which they carefully concealed. A little later they seemed wild with excitement as the time for the exercises to begin drew near. Teacher watched in dumb amazement. Could it be that they had found out about the shrouded something in the corner which was to be a Christmas tree? She never suspected what it was all about.

Little Eva Redmond was the first to lay tribute before Teacher. She brought a candlestick which she said might have cost twenty-five cents but really only cost three for a dime. After the ice was broken, the children filed up one after another to lay their gifts on the astonished Teacher's desk, and to receive their thanks. Cups and saucers, soap, perfume, pen-wipers, a celluloid collar-button, a thimble and a bright silk handkerchief were the gifts.

All this time nothing was to be seen of little Morris. Teacher had noticed during all that week how queerly he had acted; she had treated him as best she knew but it seemed to make him feel worse. He felt that he couldn't face his dear Teacher empty handed when all the other children had something for her. He was not there today and Teacher missed him.

When all the children had laid before Teacher their gifts and the room was somewhat quieter, the door opened softly and Morris slipped in. He went straight to Teacher and laid a timid hand on her arm.

"Say, Teacher," he said, "I got something for you."

His little body showed plainly between his shirt waist buttons and the gashes he called pockets. This was his daily costume. It showed that the house of Bailey did not overflow with funds.

"Now, Morris dear," she said, "You shouldn't have troubled to get me a present. You know we are good friends anyway."

"Teacher, yes ma'am," said Morris. He glanced at the table full of gifts, then said with a tremor in his voice, "I know you got a kind feeling by me and I couldn't tell how I feels by you. It's a feeling I should give you a present. I didn't have no soap and my Mamma she couldn't buy none to the store, but, Teacher I've got something nice for you."

"And what is it, dear?" she asked. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this; I don't know what to say. It ain't for boys but for ladies. My papa brought it home to my Mamma and when she saw it she was very glad. She kissed my Papa and my Papa he kissed my Mamma. And I have no soap so I brought you the present."

"But," said Teacher, "Did your Mamma say I could have it?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, "She didn't say yes and she didn't say no. But it's for ladies and I didn't have no soap."

Here Morris opened a hot little hand and disclosed tightly folded pinkish paper. He handed it to her and then fled to his seat. Teacher read it and with tears in her eyes smiled down at him.

Late that night, Teacher sat in her room and reviewed her presents. She thought very much of them all, but above all, she cherished the crumpled and soiled piece of pinkish paper. Morris Bailey's Christmas present for ladies was a receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a tenement house.

—Catherine Dunn, '20.

ORIOLE

A flash of gold in the sunshine,
A love song is wafted down,
Oriole perched in the woodbine
Sings to his wife of brown,
"I'm true, I'm true."

There swings a nest in the treetops,
Midst the cherries clustering ripe,
And Oriole, rocked in the breezes,
This brave little lilt does pipe,
"Take cheer, take cheer."

—Helen Watson, '17.

AUTUMN

Myriads of glorious color tint the earth with beauty fair;
Trees and grass and herbs and foliage go to death in splendor
rare.

Like the passing of some monarch nature heralds summer's fall,
Crowning Autumn queen, in glory; queen of seasons, queen of
all.

—Bernice Banks, '17.

OLD OCEAN

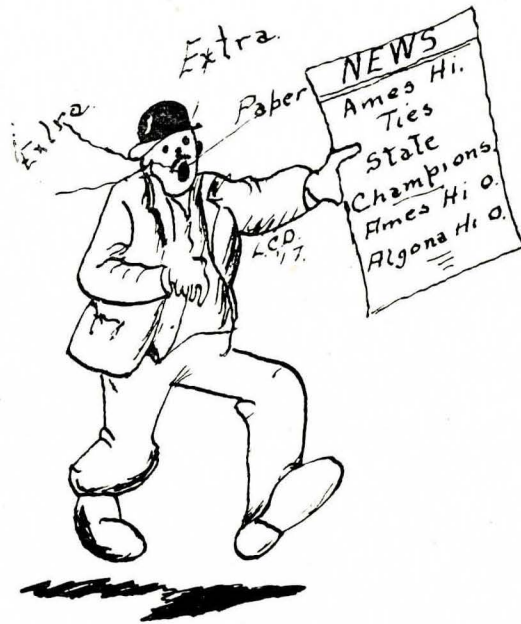
Oh, cruel, cruel, ocean,
I know why thy locks are white,
For the young and brave
That have found a grave
In thy cruel arms tonight.

Oh, throb and sigh, old ocean,
Like a broken heart that's sore,
And thy sad refrain
Like a soul in pain
For the lives you can't restore.

I know why, old blue ocean,
Thou art briny as thou art.
Thou hast drunk the tears
For six thousand years
From many a broken heart.

But short will be thy triumph,
For the Christ, our Lord, hath said
That when he shall stand
On the sea and land,
The sea shall give up her dead.

—Ethel Hunter, '17.



We have with us this year only two new teachers, Mr. Singer, our manual training teacher, and our principal, Mr. Steffy. Mr. Steffy is a graduate of Northwestern University and has had several years' experience as principal of the Knoxville High School. He succeeds Mr. Caldwell, who, after being with us for two years, has accepted a position in Chicago.

We welcome our new principal and we hope that he will like Ames.

ASSEMBLIES

There has been a marked change in our assemblies this fall. A different spirit and a new appreciation has been shown both by the students and the faculty, perhaps because the assemblies have been more interesting and because we feel that they have been of great value to us.

Consisting of both speeches from well-known Ames men and several musical programs, the assemblies have been very enjoyable. The ministers of the various churches of Ames including Mr. Hawley, Mr. Nethercutt, Mr. Caul and Mr. Harris, have led us in devotions and then given us some very good advice. On the day that the Girls' Glee Club made its first appearance, Mayor Baker read a paper on "Citizenship". Mrs. Steffy and Mrs. Thompson sang for us one day, and on another day Miss Lang's Orchestra played a few pieces, which was followed by

a talk from Miss Clarke, who told us of the playground work in Chicago. At another time, Mr. Greene accompanied by Miss McClure, sang several songs, which were very much enjoyed by all. At a special assembly one day, Mrs. Hale, state organizer of the W. C. T. U., spoke to us and gave us some very valuable advice.

Mr. and Mrs. Steffy entertained the football boys at 6:00 o'clock dinner Saturday, Nov. 11, after the Ames-Marshalltown game.

A number of new Seniors from other schools entered Ames High this fall. Gertrude Carter came to us from Lake City, Ralph Lewis from Lake Crystal, Minn., Floyd Mabie from Gilbert, Loella Smith from Iowa Falls, Helen Watson from Davenport, and Ward Grogan from Panora.

We are very glad to have them with us and we hope that they will enjoy their work in Ames High.

JUNIOR PARTY

Ten-shun

On one of those moonlight nights of October, just a short time before Hallowe'en, every loyal Junior did as his conscience bade him—masked, stepped out and joined the ghosts, witches, and goblins, who were awaiting him at the gym.

Stepping into the haunted house the trembling victim was met by "The Spirit of Safety" and conducted to the "Room of Horrors". From there he was guided by gypsies to the gym which greatly resembled a cornfield on an ideal Hallowe'en night. In a dark corner surrounded by cornstalks but guarded by ghosts sat a contented Indian maiden (Miss Coskery) telling fortunes which certainly aroused a great deal of excitement.

Altho' they were old games, everyone got a great deal of enjoyment out of "Bobbing" for Apples", and "Giving Hearts Away". At the close, Martha Lesan, dressed as a sailor boy, gave a reading which was enjoyed equally by everyone. Refreshments followed and just ask the Juniors if pumpkin pie isn't good!

PEP MEETINGS

The student body this year, has shown more pep and interest in school activities than usual. Before each game, with only a few exceptions, there has been a very lively pep meeting, although some of them were very short. The yell leaders, Lyle McCarty and Harold Loughran, with the aid of the band on a few occasions, and Mr. Pollard, have been able to arouse the enthusiasm of the students. At several of these meetings we have had the team with us and from the speeches which some of the members gave we discovered some hitherto unknown ora-

torical ability. At each of these meetings Mr. Thompson and Mr. Steffy talked and at one time almost all of the faculty gave us little speeches.

A special pep meeting was held on Friday, Nov. 10, to arouse pep for the Ames-Marshalltown game on Saturday. A number of enthusiastic students presented a short pantomime, in which Miss Victory (Ted Russell) was courted and won by Mr. Ames (Edgar Jacobson) encouraged by Enthusiasm and High School Spirit. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Steffy talked to us and then the football boys also tried their hand at speech making. These together with the vigorous efforts of our yell leaders succeeded in arousing enough spirit so that a large number of rooters went to Marshalltown to see the boys battle for the Orange and the Black. We feel that the interest thus shown has been instrumental in making our football team one of the best in the state, this year.

PEP MEETING FOR SPIRIT

On Wednesday, Nov. 29, the Spirit Staff took charge of the assembly, and presented a very original and pleasing program, for the purpose of gaining subscriptions for the Spirit. The following modern morality play, "The Spirit," written by Ruby Wasser, Dorothy Proctor, Josephine Wilkinson and Vera Crosby, was presented.

CHARACTERS

Every Student.....	Donald Soper
The Spirit	Ione Rice
Loyalty	Ruby Wasser
School Pride	Josephine Wilkinson
Ambition	Lois Slocum
Laziness	George Dunlap
Nobody	Barclay Noble
Good Times	Dorothy Harriman
Every Body	Dorothy Beam
Indifference	Dorothy Proctor

PROLOGUE

Fellow students, for all of you are such,
 Who go to A. H. S. and study much,
 To introduce myself I now will try.
 I am Nobody. Nobody am I.
 For five long months our Spirit's been asleep.
 Nobody's tried to wake her from her slumber deep.
 But tho' Nobody loves this Spirit lying here,
 I must have Every Student's help, I fear.
 I ask your patience for this little play.
 "Let Nobody unkind your judgment sway."
 For Ames High's Spirit will awake to-day
 If Every Student has his chance and way.

Enter Every Student with Laziness, Indifference and Good Times.

Every Student—Did you folks spend your week end at the library writing History reports for Miss Ada Sprague?

Indifference—I didn't care whether I got mine or not. I can't get a good grade anyway. I'll get thru. I'm a senior.

Every Student—What about you, Laziness.

Laziness—Oh, I got mine all right.

Every Student—You got yours? How's that I never knew Laziness to study before.

Laziness—Oh, I copied it out of Ambition's notebook.

Good Times—Well, who's Ambition, anyway? I never heard of her.

Enter Ambition, Loyalty and School Pride.

Laziness—Here she comes now.

Good Times—Why I never saw her before. Where does she live, anyway?

Laziness—Oh, she lives with Nobody. Every Student knows that.

Loyalty—But, Ambition, you ought to take more interest in school activities. Your lessons aren't everything.

School Pride (to Loyalty)—She is all right about her work, but Ambition should help to arouse the Spirit.

Enter Nobody.

Ambition—What's the matter with the Spirit?

Nobody—Nobody knows.

Ambition—Oh, there's Nobody. I am afraid Nobody loves me.

Good Times—Oh, the poor creature. Every Student loves me.

Pride—Don't you know what is the matter with the Spirit, Ambition? Why, she has been asleep since May.

Nobody—Yes, Nobody can wake her until Every Student becomes interested.

Pride—Then let's interest Every Student in the Spirit. Come, Ambition, Every Student needs Ambition.

Loyalty and Pride call—Oh, Every Student!

Indifference to Every Student—Oh, don't go over there.

Laziness—Stick around, we'll show you Good Times. (Points to Good Times.)

Loyalty, Pride and Ambition approach Every Student.

Loyalty—Every Student, we want you to meet Ambition, for together you can arouse the Spirit. You see she is sleeping and Nobody can wake her except you, Every Student.

Every Student—But I don't want to lose Good Times.

Loyalty—You need not. Every Student should have Good

Times and the Spirit will not frown on Good Times. Come,
let's wake the Spirit.

Loyalty leads them to where the Spirit lies sleeping.
Sing "The Spirit".

THE SPIRIT

(To the Tune of Mother)

S is for the students that support us,
P is for the pride that they all show,
I is for the interest in our paper,
R is for the royal road we go,
I is for the good and true intentions,
T is for the triumph sure to be,
Put them all together they spell Spirit,
A word that means the world to me.

Indifference and Laziness (laughing)—We knew it couldn't
be done.

Every Student—Well then, let's yell.

Yell—Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

The Spirit! The Spirit! The Spirit!

Ambition—Why, she isn't awake yet.

Sing, "Spirits".

SPIRITS

(To the tune of They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise
and They Called It Dixieland.)

Oh, there are spirits gay and spirits dull,
And there're spirits of all kinds.
There are spirits in our hearts and souls,
And they're even in our minds.
At times they make us very glad,
But at times they make us sad,
For the different people have the different spirits,
Tho' we'd rather have them good than bad.
But out of all the good and all the bad,
Out of those who laugh and cry,
There stands out one old spirit that we love,
It's the Spirit of Ames High.
We know that every student'll do his best
To boost along this high school paper toward success,
Then don't you jeer it, but be sure to cheer it,
For it's A. H. S.'s Spirit.

Loyalty—Why, I never supposed Ames High's Spirit was
so dead. Let's get the band. It takes the band to arouse
Spirit.

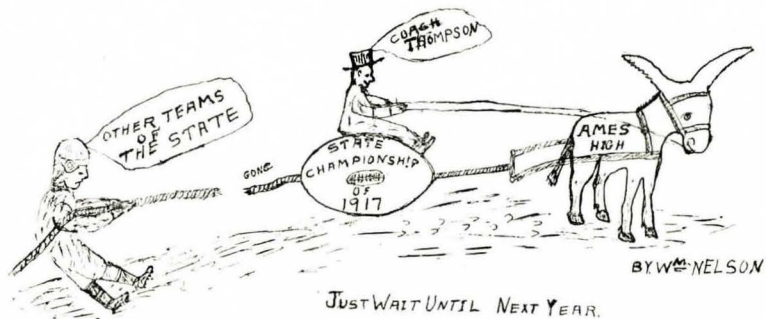
Band,

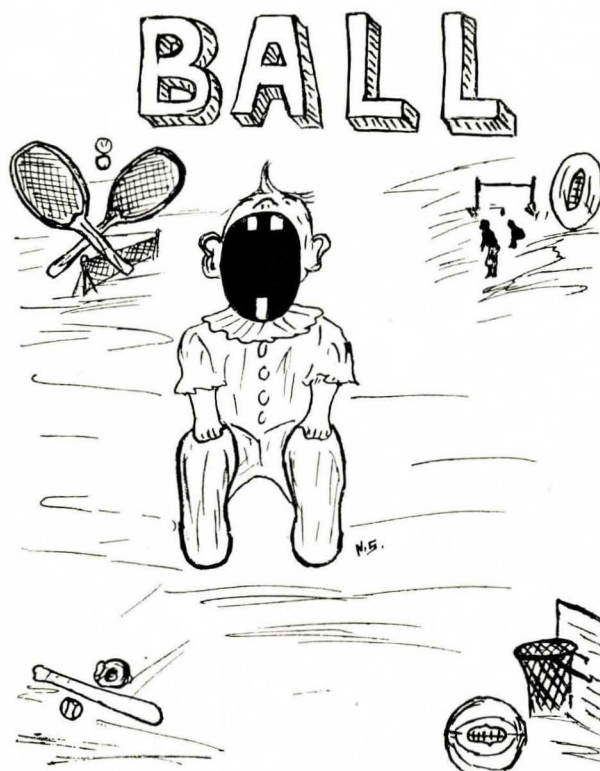
If you will boost for A. H. S.
 You are the b-e-s-t best
 And we'll love you, love you, love you,
 All the t-i-m-e, time.

If you will b-a-c-k back
 The good old Orange and the Black
 We will love you, love you, love you,
 All the t-i-m-e, time.

The Spirit wakes, rises and dances.
 Enter Nobody, going towards Spirit.
 Nobody—Nobody supports the Spirit.
 Every Student—You are wrong. I will support the Spirit.
 Every Student is now Mr. Subscriber.
 Nobody—And Nobody is non-subscriber.
 All—And what shall we do with Laziness and Indifference?
 Nobody—Nobody shall have Laziness and Indifference.
 All—Where is Everybody?
 Enter Everybody.
 All—Who will work for the Spirit?
 Everybody (stepping forward)—Everybody will work for
 the Spirit.

End.





OUR PROSPECTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON

With the graduation of Sloss, Thuresson, Stewart, Pammel, Britton, Kloppenburg, Nowlin, Risley and Swearingen, prospects for a winning 1916 football team looked rather gloomy, but with Crosby, Posegate, Ricketts, Scoville, Dunlap, Grey, Sage, Nowlin, L. Hoon, Steigerwalt and Terry, to fill their places, Coach Thompson turned out one of the classiest football machines which has ever represented A. H. S.

Starting with four old "A" men, a few new ones, and several promising recruits from last year's second string men, Thompson whipped into shape a team which ranked among the best in the state. We won five games and tied two, but we met our "Waterloos" at Fort Dodge and in the game with the Des Moines youngsters.

Handicapped by shorter periods for daily practice, Coach Thompson feels that he was unable to give the boys all the attention and training which they should have had, but a glance at the results of the games played, certainly shows that

he made the most of the time he did have. If we didn't win the state title, we at least smothered the hopes of a few aspiring to the same.

PEP

"Pep" is that property of a school by virtue of which the students tend to show their loyalty, both to their school and their team. "Pep" is the key to a successful football team. Without it a school is dead.

Put these two facts together and you have the Ames High School, for certainly this year, above all others, has witnessed a reformation of spirit and enthusiasm among the backers of the Orange and Black.

With the songs by Lucile Lang, Ruby Wasser, and Dorothy Proctor (with the help of our most worthy yell leaders, "H" and "Hap", and with the martial music of the band, we, of the bleachers, were able to do our part in helping the team bring home the bacon.

Now that we are organized and on our feet, let us make our basketball season as successful and as decisive in results as the football season so recently closed.

THE BAND

Through the efforts of Miss Coffey, and our yell leaders, "H" and "Hap", we were able to organize a first-class band this year.

For the success of the band much credit is due Laverne Buckton and James Likely, former Ames High students, who showed their loyalty to their "Alma Mater" by helping the members in every way possible, both at our games and pep meetings.

Another event, which the band boys certainly appreciated, was the sending of them to Marshalltown by the business men of the town and by the students. When the slogan, "Send the band to Marshalltown" became generally known, all loyal boosters dug down in their jeans and in a very short time the required funds were at hand.

The High School wishes to express its appreciation to the merchants of Ames for their generosity and support.

THE GAMES OF THE SEASON

Ames 0—Algona 0

The Algona boys proved a tough proposition and we had to content ourselves with a 0-0 tie. The team was green, was not organized and was in poor condition. Neither team displayed much football ability and the game was featureless and ragged throughout. Had this game come later on the schedule, Algona might not now be claiming the state title.

Ames 32—Perry 0

With a week's practice to polish up the faults brought out in the Algona game, the team went to Perry with the spirit and determination of "Victory or Bust" and the headlines of this little narrative tell the tale. The team showed considerable improvement over the game of the week before and against the charges of our back field, the Perry line was like so much cotton.

Ames 0—Fort Dodge 6

The Dodgers proved a husky bunch and made off with the large end of a 6-0 victory. But, although the score stands in their favor, they did not, by any means have the superior team, for our warriors met them on equal terms in every stage of the game, and it was nothing but sheer luck that they were able to tally the six points which spelled defeat for us and victory for them.

Ames 27—Eagle Grove 7

As is generally the case in a game with our fond neighbors on the north, this game was marred by frequent displays of rough work. If Eagle Grove entertained any thoughts before the game of duplicating last year's victory, they were destined to disappointment for they were outclassed in every department of the contest and at no time was our goal in danger, except when they scored their lone touchdown. Captain Hoon, Anderson and Sage starred for the locals.

Ames 13—Newton 0

A rainy day and a slippery field perhaps accounts for the low score. Newton had a heavier line and at times held like a stone wall, but by persistently hammering their line we were able to nose out a victory by a 13 point margin.

Ames 16—Cedar Rapids 7

It must have been a sad and disappointed football team that left Ames the evening of Nov. 4th for had not the zenith of all their hopes, the state football championship, been suddenly crushed to earth? And all in one day. It was accomplished by a more efficiently coached team, playing a classier brand of football.

Ideal weather conditions prevailed and a record-breaking crowd turned out to witness one of the classiest high school football games ever played on State Field. Both teams battled like demons, neither one giving an inch that was not earned. But by the brilliant returning of punts by (c) Hoon and Anderson, by our fleet-footed ends Crosby and Dunlap, and by Sage's terrific bombardment of the enemy's line, we were able to make off with the "bacon" and instead of "Ceing Rabbits", we saw the stars of victory.

Ames 0—Marshalltown 0

Although most of this game was played in Marshalltown's territory, the team lacked the punch to put over the winning score. The team was badly crippled by the loss of Sage, who was protested as ineligible by Marshalltown, but nevertheless it played true to form and succeeded in holding the opposition to a scoreless tie.

Ames 12—Boone 0

On account of the slippery condition of the field, this game was slow and pepless. Having the advantage of weight and speed, we should have won by a larger margin but lack of team work and ragged interference accounts for the low score.

Ames 12—North High 14

Outplaying and outgeneraling North in every period of the game, we should have won by a decisive score or at least tied them. But they had the advantage of breaks and nosed out the contest with a 14 to 12 victory. Captain Hoon was injured during the second quarter and was unable to play the remaining half. Anderson, Ricketts and Nowlin showed up well for the locals while Brown and Drew starred for the visitors. This was the closing game of the season and was the second defeat for Ames out of a nine game schedule.

1916 FOOTBALL RECORD

Ames 0	Algona	0
Ames 32	Perry	0
Ames 0	Fort Dodge	6
Ames 27	Eagle Grove	7
Ames 13	Newton	0
Ames 16	Cedar Rapids	7
Ames 0	Marshalltown	0
Ames 12	Boone	0
Ames 12	North High	14
112		34

THE TEAM

Captain Hoon (Q. B.)

"Ruf" has played his last game for A. H. S. and will be keenly missed from the line-up next fall. He played a good, heady game at quarter and developed a long low punt which always kept his opponents guessing.

Nowlin (L. H.)

This was "Shorty's" first year as a defender of the Orange and Black but nevertheless he showed the fight and aggressiveness of a veteran.

L. Hoon (L. H.)

"Less" as "Ruf's" brother, is following in his steps, and in the next three years which he has to play for Ames High should develop into one of the fastest backs in the history of the school. He played a good game at half.

Ricketts (R. H.)

Although handicapped by sickness at the first of the season, Bill was able to play in the last few games and proved himself a tower on defense as well as offense.

Anderson (F. B.)

Joe has two more years to wear the colors of Ames High. He was a brilliant open field runner and adept in picking holes in the line. He was a capable substitute for quarter and with his "Never say die" spirit kept his team mates from losing confidence in themselves when the tide of battle changed for the worse.

Soper (C)

This ends "Soap's" second year on the team and he was one of the most accurate passers that has ever held down the pivot position on an Ames High team. He was always in the game and acquired the habit of picking up fumbles.

Ex-Captain Elliott (L. G.)

"Jake" has yet to meet his equal in the guard position. He was a war-horse on the offensive and through his hard, steady, playing and his ability to open holes for the back field, he was given guard position on the all state team this year.

Terry (R. T.)

Terry's first year on the team proved him to be a good, clean player, a scrappy forward and a deadly tackler. Next year he will prove an important factor in the success of the team.

Dunlap (R. E.)

George came to us from another school and considering the way he has shown up here, it must have been a hard pill for his home team to swallow when they lost him. George was always in the mix and one of the scrappiest players on the team. He displayed his patriotism and fighting qualities in the Eagle Grove game.

Grey (R. G.)

Louie played a steady, consistent game at guard and was always on the alert and waiting for the play to come his way. He often tore through the line and broke up plays which were aimed for the end. He was especially strong at opening holes in the offense.

Steigerwalt (L. T.)

After a year's furlough, "Stagg" decided to come back and fight for "Old Ames High". His weight made him a pillar of strength on the defense, and on the offense the back field was always sure of a gain through his tackle.

Crosby (L. E.)

Crosby made his last year for Ames High his best. He was a deadly tackler, and a whirlwind on running down punts. He played a hard, steady game at end, and was a professional at recovering fumbles.

Posegate (R. G.)

"Little, but Oh, My!" Played a stellar game at guard and was nothing slow as a fullback. He was a battering ram on the offense and a scrapper from start to finish. He has two more years to defend the colors of Ames High, and in this time you will undoubtedly hear great things of "Pecky".

Sage (F. B.)

"Bob" would have been a fair bidder for all state fullback this year if it hadn't been for his being protested as ineligible, for in every game in which he took part he displayed all state caliber. He was a heavy line hitter and a consistent ground gainer.

Scoville (R. G.)

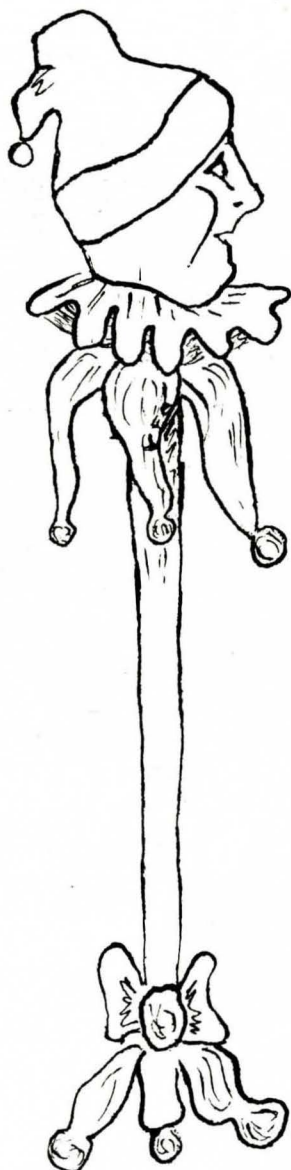
This was Scoville's first year but he always played a hard, clean game whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Lewis (L. H.)

Lack of experience more than anything else was the chief reason for Lewis not performing more than he did, but when given the chance he displayed the speed and line smashing qualities of an all state man.

HONOR "A" MEN

Elliott (Ex-captain)	L. Hoon
Soper	Sage
Dunlap	Cameron
Crosby	Posegate
Anderson	Nowlin
Terry	Ricketts
Steigerwalt	Grey
R. Hoon (captain)	



JOKES

SPIRIT SPASMS

The biggest catch of the season:
Harold Crosby's "Pike".

Teacher, gathering in notebooks—
"Will, where's your notebook?"

Bill Ricketts—"Why, Miss Fickel
has my rings."

A. Sprague in American Hist.—
"Harlan, which way do the rivers in
the Ohio Valley flow?"

Harlan Harper—"Down stream."

In physics lab.
Francile W.—"Why won't H.
Loughran's watch work better?"

Ione R.—"Why, there's a pretty
girl in the case and the hands won't
behave."

Overheard at an A. H. S. football
game. Old lady who had been cheer-
ing violently, touched her neighbor
on the arm and said: "I beg your
pardon, but are you for Ames?" Up-
on her neighbor's reply in the affirma-
tive: "Well, so am I for Ames.
Which ones did they say were the
Ames boys now? I've nearly forgot-
ten and I'm afraid I yelled for the
wrong ones last time, and I wouldn't
yell for the wrong team for anything,
for those other boys are really quite
inferior, aren't they?"

In discussing a love poem in Senior
Eng. class:

Isabel V.—"I don't think this poem expresses much real
love."

Ruby W. very quickly—"Oh, I think the love's there all
right, but it isn't expressed very well."

Miss Coskery, very cool—"Well, Ruby, it may be that all
men do not express their love in the same way."

The latest scandal is that Miss Katherine Allen and Miss Francille Waitley were accosted upon the street by a strange young man who inquired if they were instructors in Ames High School.

Don Soper's philosophy of life.

The only way to be happy after you are married is to find a young girl, go with her steadily, bring her up according to your own ideas, and then marry her.

Miss Thornburg—"Did you ever stop to think what makes you grow?"

Edward Rutherford, with a sigh—"I wonder what it is."

In the window of the Ames Pantorium there is a sign which reads as follows:

DIRTY KIDS
CLEANED HERE

We should advise the Freshmen to go there at once.

MISS FICKEL

Oh, there she sits in all her glory,
About to read an English story,
And if she gives you one cross look,
Glue your eyes to that English book.

MISS ADA SPRAGUE

Not even the smart can fool her
And not even the clever can bluff,
For she is old in the business
And knows all about such stuff.

Results of "Involuntary" Attention Paid by Two Students
in Mr. Hicks' "How to Study" Class.

Now honestly, young people,
Why do you go to school?
Is it to play and romp about
And be a lazy fool?

If you should study psychology,
And I hope some day you will,
You'll find the man who doesn't work
Is rolling right down hill.

But you must have attention
And concentration, too,
If you would have me prove
My arguments to you.

Is that not right, young people?
Was what I said not true?
Have I not proven all these points
Successfully to you?

If you do not believe me
Just read a book or two,
There's Jones on "How to Study"
And "Where to Study", too.

And then there's Dr. Sideburns
Whom you should study, too,
If you would have the author's
Psychological point of view.

Was that the bell I heard just now?
Well I declare. Next week
We'll take another chapter,
And I hope you'll be more meek.

You are dismissed, young people,
And before you come again,
Read thoroughly your little book
On to study how and when.

END

Note—(The End of a perfect day.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by Miss Sally Simperts

Knowing the many heart troubles young people are often prone to have, and having had a great deal of experience myself, I am opening this department for giving free advice to the lovelorn pupils of A. H. S. Anyone wishing advice, as have those in the following letters, will please write to me at once, giving full details.

Dear Miss Simperts:

I am a very young girl, but considered quite pretty. It greatly disturbs me to have so many of the boys pay me their attentions. Please tell me how I may still be popular and yet be true to just one?

Dorothy Harriman.

Dear Dorothy:

Forget about them all and go back to the cradle.

My dear Sally Simpers:

Do you think it is proper for a young man, who has formerly possessed a good reputation, to go Ford riding to Nevada with a strange young lady? Also, Miss Simpers, do you think country life would agree with me? Since my ride to Nevada, my friends tell me that I blush very frequently, and that this is a sign that I am in love. Do you think it is probable?

Rufus Hoon.

My dear Mr. Hoon:

Indeed, it is not only improper, but very dangerous, for a young man to go auto riding with a strange young lady. You must be very attractive to obtain the attention of strange young ladies in so sudden a manner, and I am sure that you can find some girls in A. H. S., whom you know, who would be very pleased to have your company and would make much safer friends. As to your blushing, it sounds as though you might be in love, but I cannot tell you definitely until you admit some particular young lady who attracts you. Yes, I think country life would be very desirable for you. Write again if you have any further trouble. I am always glad to help you all I can.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

Kath Allen—Oh, kid, did you hear the scandal?

Dorothy Proctor—What, What? What did you say?

Miss Fickel—Let us refer to the dictionary.

Marvin Sogard—I don't know.

Earl Johnson—What's it to you?

Tom Musson—How'd you git that?

Ted Russell—O, I'm ist a dandy ittle talker.

Mr. Steffy—I have a few announcements to make.

Floyd Lerdall—I don't see that.

Harold Crosby—Wait a minute—what was that?

Ina Reins—O it's jist something awful.

Mr. Hicks—Now, honestly, boys and girls, am I wrong?

Miss Johnson—You sure are good food for squirrels.

Vera Crosby—You did?

Miss Ada Sprague—There goes 10%.

Beatrice Olson—I think it's just the rosy limit.

Inez Cretsinger—It's the swellest thing in town.

Isabel Valentine—That's as far as I got.

Miss Boyd—Let's have it absolutely quiet.

Miss Coskery—That's a very pertinent suggestion.

Gifford Terry—There's Miss Johnson.

Lester Moravets—Yes, that's a good idea.

ALUMNI

LAST YEAR'S GRADUTES

Eldon Cox is now attending the University of Iowa. We still notice that he is a loyal supporter of Ames, much to his grief after the Iowa game.

Jack Fairfield is attending school in California.

Hazel Kintzley has now become a famous school teacher. She is trying to transfer her abundant knowledge to the young farmers.

David Ghrist is now supposed to be occupied with his studies at Leland Stanford.

Walter Kloppenburg is teaching a country school at Everly, Iowa.

Lura Gamble is not attending college this year but is enjoying the peaceful solitude of her parents' home.

Mildred Minkler is now private stenographer for Judge Lee.

Lois Russell, our "speedy" typist, is rendering her invaluable assistance to Professor Knapp in the Treasurer's office.

De Vere McNeil is spending his young life shooting horn toads on the Mexican border.

Gladys Sparks, thanks to Miss Boyd, is now employed in a down town office as a stenographer.

Helen Raymond is attending Grinnell college.

The class of '16 is well represented at I. S. C. Out of a class of 58, 31 of them now attend school at Ames. No other high school in the state is so well represented as is Ames High. We do not understand some of the criticisms handed to us, by the "Student". Such alumni as "Bill" Davis, Jock Sloss, "Chick" Heater, "Raymie" Jones and Albert Husted, represented Ames High in athletics this year. The question is, "Why does I. S. C. always give us a knock whenever possible?"

Those who have entered I. S. C. from the class of '16 are as follows:

Donald Beam
Myron Budd
Dorothy Bowdish
Leah Baker
Dwight Britton
Jessie Brooks
Warren Canaday
Pearl Cameron
Hester Crosby
Mary Ghrist
James Likely
Florence Pepper

Sarah McElyea
Gladys Ricketts
Winifred Raymond
Ernest Risley
Howard Hougland
Harry Thurreson
Helen Zenor
Irma Stansbury
Lester Swearingen
Tom Sloss
Thelma Sealock
Doris Wilson

Glen Morris
Dale Pierce
Glen McCannon
Dale McCarty

Roy Stewart
Margaret Lysinger
Edith McDowell

To the Alumni of A. H. S.

The student body of Ames High urges the Alumni to support "The Spirit". Of course, the graduates of Ames High, naturally think more about their college than their "prep" school," but at the same time we think you may be interested in what is going on at Ames High this year. Any suggestions you have to offer, The Spirit will gladly accept. We, the students of Ames High, will appreciate any interest shown in the school.



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VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1917

No. 2

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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 6

JANUARY, 1917

NO. 2

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EDITORIAL

Undoubtedly, everyone who read the first issue, formed his opinion of the new Spirit, favorably or otherwise. Of course, we hope that it met with the approval of everyone although we do not doubt that there were many criticisms. We assure our readers, however, that we will endeavor to improve each of the following issues and will not be satisfied until the Spirit meets the approval of everyone. The co-operation of the whole student body is needed in order to do this, and every-

LITERARY

Oh sleepy days,
O blue gray haze,
O Indian Summer rare,
You make me dream,
You make it seem,
Like olden days again.

O rustling corn,
O quiet morn
O Autumn's perfect day,
You bring to me
The wish to be
A happy child again.

O golden rod,
Don't droop and nod,
O stand up straight and tall.
You bring me woe,
You make me know,
That I am stooping, too.

—Ina Reins, '17.

WHEN BOBBY WENT TO COUNTRY SCHOOL

Mrs. Laynard was ordered south one winter for her health and Mr. Laynard insisted that Bobby should not go with them. Instead, he was to stay with his grandparents in the country and go to a country school.

So that is how it happened that one fine September day, Bobby started off to school with a little red-haired, freckled-faced boy. Grandmother had wished to go with Bobby his first day, but Grandfather insisted that Bobby was no girl and that he should brave it alone, except for his little companion, Ted.

When Bobby and Ted arrived at school, the little girls stared and the little boys snickered, for they had never before had in their midst a boy with yellow curls, a white linen suit and patent leather slippers. Bobby immediately got into trouble. The boys pulled his curls and called him "girlie".

"I'm not a girlie," cried Bobby, "so there". He finished his declaration with a blow on the eye of a recent offender, which was as forceful as it was unexpected.

"Well, then, what on earth do you wear curls and girl's shoes for?" sullenly demanded the teaser, when the ringing of the school-bell cut off further trouble.

That evening on the way home, Ted spoke upon a subject which worried him greatly. "Say, Bobby, don't you suppose you could get some decent clothes?"

"Decent clothes," queried Bobby, "why, what do you mean"?

"Well, you know, somethin' sort o' like these here ones o' mine. The kids will call you sissy so long as you wear them city duds."

"Why, I suppose I can have some like those," replied Bobby. "I'll ask as soon as I get home."

But Bobby was doomed to disappointment. He could not have the required clothes. His mother had said that he must be dressed as he always had been, even in the country. He told this to Ted the next morning, when he met him at the cross-roads.

"Well," said Ted after thinking hard for a few moments, "it would do some good, if you would take off them shoes and stockings. You can hide 'em in those bushes and get 'em on your way home".

Off came Bobby's shoes and stockings and he cheerfully paddled bare-foot through the dust, along the way to school. But Bobby was as much ridiculed this day as the one before nor did matters mend as the days went by.

At last the day for the spelling contest approached. Each scholar took part in this and the pupil, who should win, would receive a prize of five dollars.

One noon Bobby questioned Ted, "Do you suppose, if I won in that contest, that the kids would quit calling me girlie?"

"If you can win without those curls and white gowns they would," was the answer.

Bobby was thoughtful the rest of the afternoon and that evening and on the following evenings before the contest Bobby took his speller home. Grandmother wondered at his diligence, but said nothing.

A couple of days before the contest Bobby accosted Ted. "Have you got any more clothes like those you have on?"

"Umhum," replied Ted.

"Well, will you bring them to school tomorrow?"

"Sure. Why?" Ted was curious but the only answer he could get was, "I'll tell you when I get the clothes."

The next morning Ted brought the clothes and Bobby, after stuffing the bundle in the back of his desk, confided in him.

"Gee!" remarked Ted. "Gee, that will be great!"

The next was the day for the contest and Bobby, immaculately dressed, started off to school. His grandmother was coming that afternoon to the spelling match. Everyone would go to it for it was quite an event among those country people.

After the morning session, Ted and Bobby disappeared with their lunch and a queer bundle into the woods back of the schoolhouse. When they returned the line for the spell-down was being formed.

Grandmother did not arrive till late and when she did, there were only five spellers left. She looked around for Bobby, but from her location, she could see but few of the children in the seats, so she settled herself to listen.

Finally only two spellers remained standing. They were both bare-foot, seemingly two typical country lads. One was exceedingly dirty and his hair was noticeably home cut.

The spelling went on. The book was finished and started over again. Neither boy made a slip. The school-master was becoming desperate for a word to finish the contest, when, on glancing out the window, he saw a chicken pecking away.

Turning back, "Wyandotte," he fired.

"W-y-n-d-o-t-t-e," spelled one boy.

"Wrong, next," said the master. "Wyandotte."

"W-y-a-n-d-o-t-t-e," spelled the very dirty boy.

"Correct."

The contest was over. The buzz of voices in the room was quickly stopped when the judge stepped forward.

"I have the pleasure," began the judge with a pompous air, "of presenting the winner this five dollar gold piece which I hold. If Master Bobby Laynard will please come forward, I will be pleased to present it to him. Bobby Laynard."

Grandmother stared, then gasped. That grinning, dirty faced boy on the platform could not be her Bobby. Where were his curls, his white suit and pretty slippers? But it was Bobby and a very happy Bobby, at that.

That evening when Grandfather questioned him on knowing such an unusual word he replied, "Why, Grandpa, you just got a whole case of eggs from the city and Wyandotte was printed in black letters on the case."

Bobby did, as he once remarked in later years, "kill two birds with one stone". To be sure he had to let his curls grow out, but he gained the friendship of the country children and also a reform in dress, for bare-foot sandals and overalls took the place of patent leather slippers and white suits.

—Edith Wallis, '18.

HOW JANE DUG FISH WORMS

Johnnie was going fishing! He could hardly wait until his playmate, Jimmie, came after him.

He was busily digging the fat, wiggly worms, and had nearly a tin-can full, when he felt a tug at his elbow. His little sister

Jane stood there and asked to go a-fishing! Of all things! Who wanted to have a girl tagging along!

"You may go if you dig the rest of these worms for me," he said, with an inward chuckle.

Jane obediently raised the fork, and jabbed it into the ground with all her small strength. Then she jumped with her stomach on the handle and brought the fork suddenly to the ground, so suddenly that little Jane went with it.

Arising and looking at the clump of dirt, brought up with the fork, she saw a big, fat juicy worm. She touched it with her fingers. It wiggled! Horrors! That awful little snake! Taking two sticks she managed to drag it over the ground to the can. Ugh! What was she to do now? Reaching down, and shutting her eyes, her heart fluttering like a hurt bird, she picked the wiggly thing up. How the shivers ran up her spine, as the cold, clammy body came in contact with her hand! Horrors, it wiggled! Open went the eyes, and down went the worm. Her heart almost stopped beating.

"Baby!" mocked the brother.

Frightened, angered, her cheeks flushed red, she marched to the house disgusted with all boys, calling them brutes and worse than worms!

—Ida Thomas, '20.

WAR

When the rolling waves are tipped with white, and the blustering cold winds blow;
When the far off coasts are covered with sand, like heaps of driven snow;
When the heroes of the battleships are striving to win their pride,
And the mighty little torpedo boats are lying side by side.

When all is still but the engines' purr as they whisper back and forth;
When the silence is partly broken by a signal from the north;
When far off at a distance one can see a ship afloat;
Then the piercing scream of a shrapnel shot comes hailing toward our boat.

Then the armored decks are alive with life, and the calls to arms below.
Then the brave crews stand beside their guns and the firemen sweat below.
Then the engines moan and call for help, as the firemen shovel coal,
And the captain longs to see the day when he shall reach his goal.

The fleet steams up in battle form, and the broadsides clash
and road,
While the deadly blows from the enemy's guns are increasing
more and more.
Now the ships are burdened with wounded and dead, and the
decks are covered with blood,
While the smoke from the guns is growing thick, and the decks
resemble a flood.

At last a flag of truce is seen, agleam through the drifting
smoke,
And the wreck of an enemy's battleship, where a deadly
torpedo broke.
At last all guns are still again and now from far and near,
Are heard the shouts of a victor crew, as they answer cheer
with cheer.

—Carnie Dunkle.

“The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God, the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet.”

These few lines, which are taken from a drama by Yeats, the famous Irish Playwright, are very significant, not only in their beauty of form but also in their beauty of meaning. Often, in reading a few lines of poetry, similar to these, we like them merely for their pleasing sound, but if we go deeper and pick out the hidden meaning, it is that which more often appeals to us.

This poem has a universality of appeal which is one of the tests of true literature. The thought, if translated into any other language, would appeal equally to all nations, for in every country, we see sorrow caused by the relentlessly passing years. In these lines, every little word has its own significant meaning, being both suggestive and artistic. The figure of speech, in which the years are compared to great black oxen is very appropriate and the choice of words in carrying out this figure is excellent. In thinking of oxen, we think of their great foot prints and the devastation caused by their passing feet. The color of the oxen is especially significant, for the years are dark and black, and often leave much tragedy and grief behind them. The reference to God as the herdsman, goading both the years and oxen on its very suitable and shows a slight religious touch in the personality of the author. Then, in the third line, the word “passing” is both appropriate and significant, for a herd of oxen would pass on regardless of that which they were crushing and the same relentlessness is suggested in Time's herding the years on. The word “broken”

does not necessarily mean that the author is suffering from some great grief or sorrow, but it rather conveys the idea that he is overwhelmed by the tragedy of the passing years.

The words and verses are melodious, rhythmic and full of meaning, which constitutes the charm of any poem. The form is also significant and is very suitable to the subject. If the subject matter had been something of a more gay and frivolous nature, we should expect to find it expressed in a light, rollicking verse instead of the more somber verse and the long lines, which impart to the reader a more serious idea.

Many authors have tried to write on such theme, but very few have been able to express it so well and in so short a space. The poem tells of the effect on the individual of the eventful passing years which leave so much sorrow in their wake.

In summarizing, what has already been said, we find that although a good deal of the charm of this poem lies in its beauty of expression and the fine choice of words, the real appeal is in the thought brought out, which is hidden and has to be sought for.

—Ione Rice, '17.

ELFLAND

Let's visit elfland for a while,
To see the fairies dance and smile.
You'll find them under every leaf,
Around each tree and near each sheaf.

They love the tinkling of the bells
Made by the brook, as through the dells
It ripples over rocks and stones
And makes those lovely bell-like tones.

See that tiny one by the brook
Reaching for the feather the redbird shook
From his breast, this very morn,
While taking his bath in the sunshine warm.

At night the fairy makes her bed
Of the spider's gauzy web.
Spreads it o'er the dewy grass
Where the fewest crickets pass.

—Lena Nelson.

HOW TOMMY "MADE GOOD"

Thanksgiving was very, very near, in fact only a week distant. The very minutes seemed to be tumbling one over the

other to hasten the arrival of that great yet dreaded day. Glenwood High School, and particularly the football enthusiasts, had no thought for the turkey and the cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pies that appear before so many of our minds at the mere suggestion of the word, "Thanksgiving". Instead, Thanksgiving meant to them the day upon which their eleven, crippled but honorable representatives, would buck up against the strongest and fastest football team of the state, that of Mt. Haven High.

Mt. Haven's team had never been in better condition, and although Glenwood was expected to put up a big fight it seemed almost impossible for a team whose captain had a broken collar bone and who were crippled in many other ways, to have any chance of holding their opponents. Yet, not one Glenwood student expressed a single thought of losing this annual game and if they were in the least discouraged, the team never showed it.

When Coach Granger began playing Tommy Palmer on the first team, it was considered rather a joke and many felt that he was sacrificing the rest of the team for the sake of helping Tommy. But then Coach Granger certainly knew his business and perhaps Tommy's fellow students criticized his ability as a football player just a little severely, for he was so small he did seem very young.

A great many people were looking forward to this game and it was expected that, although Glenwood had a good line, Harper, the fullback would do all the offensive work for his team. What was the consternation of the student body to find, the day before the game, heading the ineligibility list, the name Raymond Harper. Victory now seemed almost impossible but, nevertheless, every player on the team was planning on going into the game with a vim that would at least hold Mt. Haven.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear. Long before the game began, the bleachers were crowded and the spectators were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the two teams. At last amid cheers they came onto the field. Every Glenwood student craned his neck to see the line-up. As they had expected, Saunders was playing fullback. But who was in at quarter? Every Glenwood student strained his eyes. He thought he had not seen aright. But, yes indeed, there was only one person that could be. Tommy Palmer was playing quarterback. Granger must have gone crazy to put a little kid like that in to lead the team, and perhaps he did regret it a little, for he paced nervously up and down the sidelines.

The teams took their places, the whistle blew and Glenwood kicked off. Mt. Haven gained steadily by line plunging and particularly by end runs, for Mt. Haven's quarterback was merely a streak of lightning when he once got started. They carried the ball to Glenwood's 20-yard line and then lost it

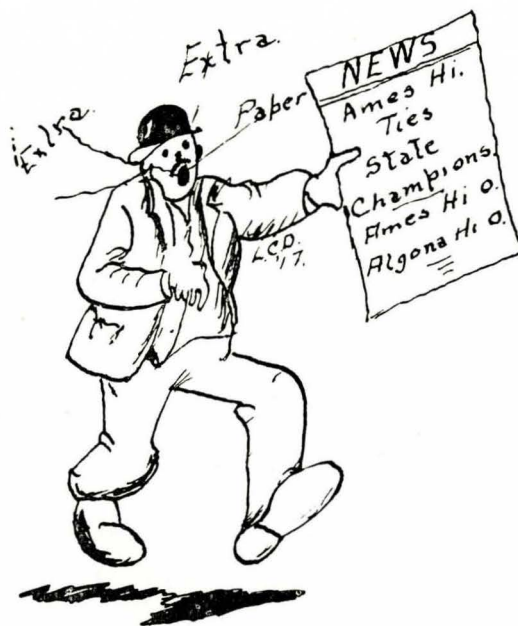
through a fumble. The Glenwood rooters held their breath to see what their team would do. But what did they do? Absolutely nothing. They tried to get thru the line but it was a veritable stone wall. Then Tommy sent the new fullback around the ends but he was slow and made no gains. At last they were forced to kick, which gave Mt. Haven the ball in the middle of the field.

Thus the game went on, but those in the grandstand noticed a change in the Glenwood players. Little Tommy was fairly filled with enthusiasm. This was his first big game for his school and he inspired his team with a strength and vim that held Mt. Haven better and better. They then resorted to end runs entirely. The half ended with the score 0 to 0 and Glenwood students went wild with delight. The third quarter was uneventful, both teams playing their best and accomplishing nothing but holding their opponents. But at the very first of the last quarter, Mt. Haven's quarterback dashed around the right end and racing half the length of the field, scored a touchdown. And Tommy Palmer had stood right in his path as if petrified and realized his mistake only when it was too late to stop him.

Mt. Haven failed to kick goal but to Glenwood that 6 looming up on the score board seemed as large as 50. Tommy Palmer felt himself in disgrace forever and he stubbornly vowed to right himself in the eyes of his fellow students.

It was Glenwoods ball and the time was nearly up. Tommy had given every fellow a chance with the ball but they had all failed. It was the last chance for Glenwood and it was the last chance for Tommy himself to make good. He called signals and the center passed the ball back to him. Then, with a few agile bounds, he was in the midst of the fray. Tackler after tackler flung himself at the small quarterback but grasped air only. Dodging one after the other, Tommy at last reached a clear field with the exception of Mt. Havens speedy quarterback. Straight for his opponent he ran and swerved not until the other began to spring. Then, with a leap, he was past him speeding on toward Mt. Haven's goal. But above the cheering of the grandstand he heard the footsteps behind him drawing closer and closer. It was a race for victory. Could Tommy outrun the fastest man on the Mt. Haven team? The goal posts were nearer and nearer, but so was the man behind him. Suddenly, to the consternation of the onlookers, the Mt. Haven man stooped, and then plunged at Tommy. But the agile boy swerved suddenly to one side and just as the Mt. Haven player arose from the ground, Tommy fell over the goal. Then, just before the whistle blew Glenwood kicked goal. The score stood 7 to 6 and Glenwood was victorious.

—Ruby Wasser, '17.



On the evening, December 29, Dorothy Harriman and Ione Rice entertained at the home of the latter in honor of their friend, Gilberte Luke, a former high school student who is now attending school at Ferry Hall. The evening was spent in playing "500" after which refreshments were served by the two hostesses.

Inez Cretsinger spent her vacation in Waterloo, visiting with friends who showed her a most delightful time.

Luella Smith and Marguerite Kirkham spent several days visiting in Des Moines during the holidays.

Beatrice Olson and Josephine Wilkinson spent a part of the Christmas vacation at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Carl Bachman, of State Center.

Ardella Pike visited for a week with friends in Marshalltown.

Lucile and Genevieve Lang enjoyed their holiday vacation in Omaha.

Beatrice Olson entertained several friends at a "watch" party New Year's eve. At midnight dainty refreshments were served.

During vacation Miss Ruth Prall gave a skating party to a number of her girl friends. After a delightful evening on the lake, dainty refreshments were served at her home.

Several coasting parties were given during vacation. Miss Eleanor Murray was the hostess at one. After coasting for several hours the guests went to her home where delicious refreshments were served.

ASSEMBLIES

For the last few weeks, the assemblies have been in the hands of the students. At one time, several of the Y. M. C. A. boys told us of their trip to Marshalltown, where the annual meeting was held.

On another day, the time was given over to a debating contest in which six students tried out for the school debating team. Out of the six contestants, a team of three, consisting of Helen Watson, Glen Bute and Barclay Noble, with Paul Potter as alternate, was chosen. All contestants spoke on the same subject, although some of them took the affirmative and others the negative side of the question. They handled their subject matter very well and we feel sure that this team, chosen to represent us, will win glory and honor for Ames High.

On this same day, Coach Thompson presented the honor football boys with their "A" sweaters. There were fifteen men who received their "A's" but only a few were called on to express their thanks before the whole school. These few, however, did so in a very creditable manner. Mr. Thompson also gave a short talk, in which he told of the good work of the boys and the spirit with which they had gone into football this year, which praise, added to the honor of receiving "A" sweaters, made the boys so proud, that the rest of us humble students scarcely dared to greet them for a few days.

Y. M. C. A.

The "Hi Y" stands for what is best in manhood. It is for clean speech, clean habits, clean athletics, and honesty in class work. It is against all that is degrading to a boy's life and it wishes to help the A. H. S. boys in any way it can.

The "Hi Y" holds interesting and profitable meetings every Tuesday night and urgently invites all high school boys to come out and join in the devotional study which is so important, in rounding out our manhood.

Bernard Irwin, Paul Potter, Harlan Harper, Elmer Mathre, Claude Scarborough, Frank Coulter, Waldo McDowell, Eugene Watkins and Preston Niles represented Ames at the Iowa State Older Boys' Conference in Marshalltown and brought home with them some of the inspiring thoughts they received there from the splendid addresses.

The officers of the "Hi Y" cabinet are:

Bernard Irwin, President.

Preston Niles, Secretary.

Willis Belnap, Treasurer.

Paul Potter, Chairman of the Bible Committee.

Claude Scarborough, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

DEBATES, DECLAMATORY CONTESTS AND EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

The pupils of Ames High School have taken up several new things this year. The first and most important is debating, our school having joined the state league. A special assembly was given over to the try outs, and the following team was elected: Barclay Noble, Helen Watson, Glen Bute, and the alternate, Paul Potter. Their first debate will be with Carroll, January 26. Our team will debate every two weeks until defeated.

Another thing which has been taken up is declamatory work. Ames High School has also joined the State Declamatory League. The local contest will be held February 2 or 9, the winners in which contest will represent Ames at the sub-district conference held in Jefferson. It is hoped that a large number will try out and help to make this an interesting and successful feature of this year's work.

About March 30th another interesting feature will be introduced into the high school work in the form of extemporaneous speaking as the school has joined the State League in this also. A special assembly will be given over to the try out. Everyone should be personally interested and help to make it a success by entering this contest.

December 20th, the Senior class held a meeting. Josephine Wilkinson read the report of the committee on organization upon which the class decided to organize. The following officers were elected:

Wille Olson, President.

Douglas Waitley, Vice-President.

Floyd Lerdall, Secretary and Treasurer.

Miss Coskery and Miss Ada Sprague, Monitors.

THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET

The evening of December 15 will long be remembered by members of the 1916 football squad, for it was on this night that they were gloriously feasted by the local business men.

Shortly after six o'clock the order to "fall to" was given, and with a will, each and every one proceeded to make way with his share of fried chicken.

MENU

Fried Chicken		Mashed Potatoes
	Gravy	
Navy Beans		Celery
	Pickles	
Cheese		Salted Peanuts
	Fruit Salad	
Bananas		Mints
	Ice Cream and Cake	

Following the banquet, L. C. Tilden, president of the Board of Education, presided over an informal program of toasts in which Coach Mayser of the college and Coach Thompson were the principal speakers. Short speeches were also given by Captain Hoon, Elliott, Crosby, Terry, Grey and Soper.

The feature of the evening was the presenting of a beautiful silver cup to Coach Thompson by L. C. Tilden in behalf of the members of the football squad. The cup bears the inscription: "To Robert Thompson, from the 1916 Ames High School Football Squad".

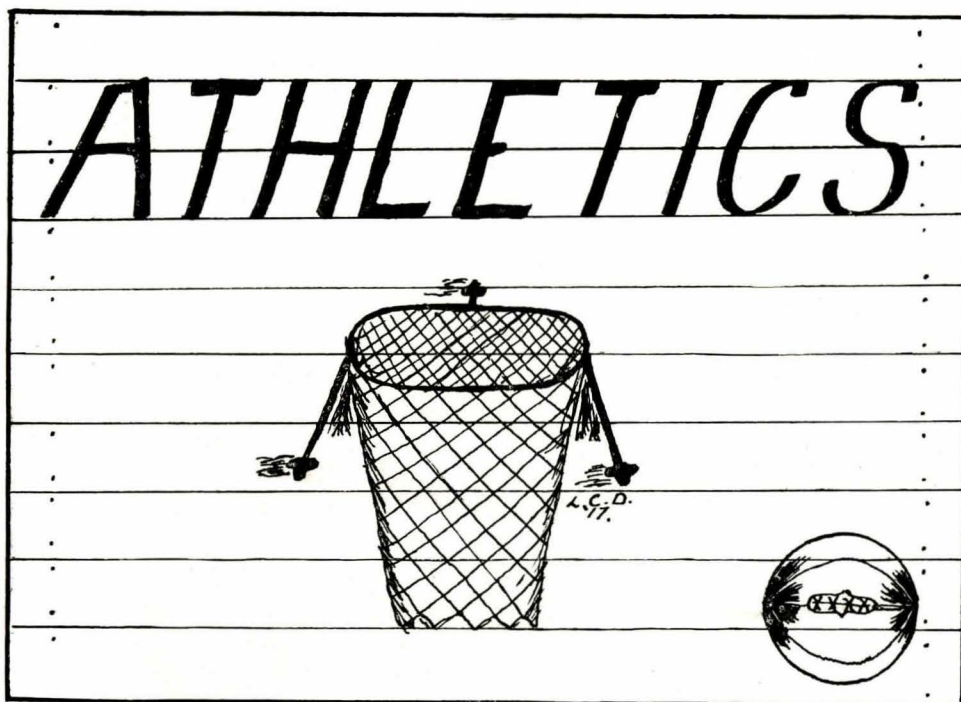
The fact that ninety-eight business men contributed funds for the banquet, shows the interest which they take in the welfare and success of our athletic organizations.

Here's to the business men of our little city,

May their lives be one grand success,

And their joys and sorrows; their todays and tomorrows,

Be with good fortune blest.



BASKETBALL

Once again the basketball season is here and all roads lead to the gymnasium. The first series of the inter-class games have been played and won by the Juniors. The Seniors were second, Freshmen third and Sophomores fourth.

The games this year were more interesting and exciting than those of last because of the fact that the teams were more evenly matched. All the games were won by a small margin and none of the scores were very large when compared with those of last year.

The series brought to light some unknown basketball artists and, when first team practice begins, Coach Thompson will have an abundance of good material with which to build the 1917 basketball team.

Standing of First Team Games—First Series

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Juniors	3	0	1.000
Seniors	2	1	.666
Freshmen	1	2	.333
Sophomores	0	3	.000

Freshmen 11—Sophomores 2

The first year men started the series with a rush and trounced the Sophs. 11-2. This came as a complete surprise as the Sophs. were slated to win.

The second year men played a good guarding game but this was offset by the superior team work of the preps.

L. Hoon and Bennett were the mainstays of the Freshmen while Hammond, Pepper and Anderson starred for the Sophomores.

FRESHMEN			SOPHOMORES		
	Field G.	Free T.		Field G.	Free T.
Bennett F.....	3	0	Pepper F.....	1	0
E. Elliott F.....	0	0	Hess F.....	0	0
L. Hoon C.....	1	3	Hammond C....	0	0
Grey G.....	0	0	Anderson G....	0	0
Posegate G....	0	0	Ross G.....	0	0
			Inger G.....	0	0

Juniors 16—Seniors 12

In a hard fought game the Juniors defeated the Seniors 16-12. Although they had many chances, the Seniors were unable to get the ball through the basket and the Juniors, with a little more accuracy in tossing ringers, carried off the honors.

Sauvain and McCarty starred for the Juniors.

JUNIORS			SENIORS		
	Field G.	Free T.		Field G.	Free T.
Sauvain F.....	4	0	Maybie F.....	0	0
Dunlap F.....	0	0	Lerdall F.....	3	4
Innes C.....	1	0	Elliott C.....	0	0
Musson G.....	1	0	Crosby G.....	0	0
McCarty G.....	1	2	Lewis G.....	1	0
Kerns G.....	0	0			

Juniors 15—Sophomores 8

The Juniors continued their winning streak by walloping the Sophs. 15-8. The Sophs. showed their metal in the second half and held the Juniors to a 4-4 tie but were unable to overcome the seven point lead which the Juniors gained during the initial half.

McCarty led the Juniors in scoring while Hammond made the majority of points for the Sophomores.

JUNIORS			SOPHOMORES		
	Field G.	Free T.		Field G.	Free T.
Watkins F.....	2	0	Pepper F.....	0	0
Sauvain F.....	2	0	Holdridge F....	0	0
Innes C.....	2	0	Hammond C....	2	4
McCarty G.....	3	3	Hess G.....	0	0
Dunlap G.....	0	0	Ross G.....	0	0

Seniors 16—Freshmen 12

Again the Freshmen showed their spunk and also that they were to be reckoned with when it came to hatching baskets for they led the Seniors a merry chase and not until the final whistle blew was the game cinched.

L. Hoon was the shining star of the Freshmen and Maybie and Dvoracek of the Seniors.

SENIORS			FRESHMEN		
	Field G.	Free T.		Field G.	Free T.
Dvoracek F	2	0	Bennett F	2	0
Waitley F	0	0	E. Elliott F	1	0
Lerdall F	3	2	Mattox F	0	0
Maybie C	2	0	L. Hoon C	3	0
Crosby G	0	0	Posegate G	0	0
Lewis G	0	0	Grey G	0	0
Schul G	0	0			

Seniors 23—Sophomores 12

The Seniors had little difficulty in winning from the Sophomores. This was the slowest game of the series, neither team showing much aggressiveness or interest in the game.

Anderson and Hammond starred for the Sophs, while Waitley and Dvoracek led in the scoring for the Seniors.

SENIORS			SOPHOMORES		
	Field G.	Free T.		Field G.	Free T.
Waitley F	5	0	Hess F	0	0
Lerdall F	0	0	Holdridge F	0	0
Maybie C	0	0	Ricketts F	1	0
Crosby G	0	0	Hammond C	3	0
Dvoracek G	5	0	Anderson G	2	0
			Ross G	0	0

Juniors 34—Freshmen 12

4

The Juniors easily triumphed over the Freshmen by a rather one-sided score. The Freshmen played a good offensive game but lacked the ability to shoot baskets. This completed the first series of the first team games.

Innes, McCarty, Sage and Sauvain were the chief point winners for the Juniors, while Bennett and Grey were responsible for the Freshmen points.

JUNIORS			FRESHMEN		
	Field G.	Free T.		Field G.	Free T.
Sage F	3	0	Bennett F	2	2
Sauvain F	4	0	E. Elliott F	0	0
Innes C	4	0	Grey C	3	0
McCarty G	6	0	Posegate G	0	0
Dunlap G	0	0	Scoville G	0	0



Owing to the fact that "The Spirit" slept till December and that consequently no exchanges could be sent out, our list on hand is very small. It is to be hoped that this will not keep other schools from helping build up a large list this year.

The magazines received have been put in the Library and can be drawn from there before school in the morning and at noon or after school on special arrangement. There are some very good numbers on hand at present from Boone, Oskaloosa, Newton, Marshalltown, West Waterloo, and North Des Moines, and everyone will enjoy reading them. Read them, then compare them with "The Spirit" and then get to work and BOOST to make our paper the best.

If anybody comes around asking to borrow your paper, just show them the following editorial taken from the "New-
tonia" of Newton High School:

THE KNOCKER

When the Creator had made all the good things, there was still some unpleasant work to do, so He made the beasts and the reptiles and the poisonous insects, and when He had finished He had left a lot of awful stuff that was too bad to put into the Rattle Snake and the Toad and the Scorpion and the Lizard, so He put it all together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with a yellow streak, and called it a KNOCKER.

This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam and put in it the heart of a child, the brain of a man, wrapped it in civic pride, covered it with a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, and called it a BOOSTER; made him a lover of fields and flowers and manly sports, a believer in equality and jus-

tice, and ever since these two were, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing between them.—Selected.

Note: The knocker is to be found in certain communities, even today. You may recognize him by his unmistakable characteristics. For instance: the knocker doesn't subscribe for the school paper; he doesn't support it. He borrows his neighbor's copy to read, and then says: "Rotten! The editor is a boob and the reporters are feeble minded". He doesn't come out for the football games; and when the home team loses he says, "I told you so! they're nothing but a bunch of dubs". When the home team wins he says, "Huh! they couldn't have done it if the other team had half played".

Maybe that is pretty strong, Mr. Non-Subscriber-Borrower, but this is what some people think of you. So why not join the BOOSTERS and be with them A LOYAL SUBSCRIBER rather than be A HATED KNOCKER?

We are working for a large exchange department this year, and we have sent "The Spirit" to all the large high schools in Iowa and to some of the "hustlers" in other places.

Look over the following list and see if you can tell us of any more high schools that we should include:

Algona	Oskaloosa
Boone	Ottumwa
Burlington	Perry
Clinton	Sioux City
Creston	Waterloo W
Des Moines W	Waterloo E
Des Moines E	Clarinda
Des Moines N	Blue and White, Perry
Grinnell	Spectator, West Waterloo
Iowa City	Pebbles, Marshalltown
Marshalltown	Bumble Bee, Boone
Mason City	The Oracle, North Des Moines
Newton	The Tatler, West Des Moines

A L U M N I

From time to time, the Alumni Department will try to communicate with some of our old graduates so that we may by means of their letters make these Ex Ames Hi students and our present Ames Hi students acquainted.

Any student who corresponds with any of our alumni and who will hand letters or parts of letters to the editor of the department will find his generosity appreciated.

The following letter is part of one received by Douglas Waitley from Glenn Carberry, a graduate of Ames High School in the class of 1915, who is now a student at West Point:

Dear Douglas:

I received your letter this afternoon and altho I have mislaid it already, will try to answer it. I'm sorry but it is against the principles of WestPoint to publish anything or to let anything be published about this academy. Since I can't or shouldn't write you about West Point, I'll ask you how you and all the girls I used to know are.

Well, now, I will come down to common sense and will tell you a little about myself and my surroundings. West Point is a beautiful place situated on the rock shores of the Hudson. I have the usual daily routine of a soldier: Get up at the wee small hours of the morning, say 5:55 for reveille, go to ranks in pajamas and pumps—that is, if I can cover them up with an overcoat. The next thing on the program is mess (it usually is just that, too), in other words, breakfast. Mess is blown at 6:30 and one has to get away with the food by 7:15. Then about 8:00, we have a class in Math, followed by other classes on and off during the remainder of the day, all of which, as you know I am really quite fond, as I always have been.

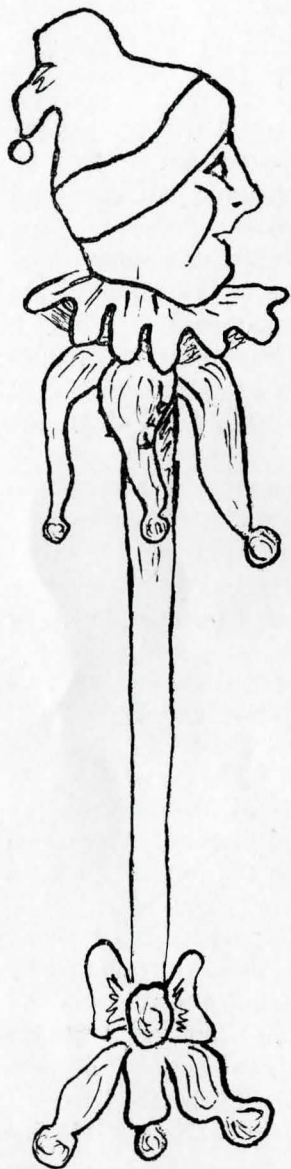
All the upper classmen are away on a Christmas leave. I think "Ponce" Meltzer took a little trip to New York this week, at least he said he was going.

I had some time in New York this fall at the Navy game. That city sure is some place to go sight-seeing. People appear all dolled up in regular New York style, you know. I guess I have written enough, so will close.

Your friend, Carr.

JOKES

SPIRIT SPASMS



Little boy,
Pair of skates,
Hole in the ice,
Golden Gates.

A. Sprague in American Hist.:
"Blanche, which way does the Hud-
son river flow?"

Blanche Bentley: "I don't know,
but I think toward its mouth."

Ione Rice, telling of ideal farm
life described in poem: "In the aft-
ernoon they threshed the corn."

As I was going down the hall,
I saw some boys—there were three
in all.

Each had under his arm, which
he sought to caress,
A copy of Miss Coskery's "Pil-
grim's Progress".

Carolyn Crosby: "Miss Fickel,
how can you tell the difference be-
tween an noun and a verb?"

Miss Fickel: "I'm sure I don't
know. You should have learned that
in the third grade."

Harold C. (in American Hist.):
"It wasn't my fault my notebook
was handed in late."

Miss Sprague: "Why not?"

Harold: "Because, I couldn't hand
it in until it was finished."

Miss Coskery, in Senior Eng. class: "How did Satan happen
to get into the lake of fire, in hell?"

Chas. Richter: "He went there to get his wife."

"I don't believe in spirits,"

A boy was heard to say;
Perhaps if he should read one,
He wouldn't talk that way.

Miss Coffey in study hall: "Donald, if you wished to keep your seat, you should have refrained from talking to Ruby."
Donald Soper: "But how can I help talking to her?"
(Write to Sally Simperts, Donald.)

Miss Clark, illustrating rational problems in Algebra: "Take as an illustration a man. If he was sane, or had all his debts paid up, he would be square with the world, or rational."
Tom Musson: "Then I suppose I must be insane."

Miss Coskery in Eng. "What pleasures are shown in this poem?"
Isabel Valentine: "Turning off the lights."

Joe Anderson in Eng. 3: "Doesn't finance mean or have something to do with bossing finances?"
(Sometimes, but not always, Joe.)

Ralph Ross: "Kathryn, you leave Ione alone. I'll take care of her myself."
(You're doing it very well, Ralph.)
Mystery: How do Helen Watson and "Dug" Waitley study Algebra?

Isabel V. "Satan had good looking eyes because they were so black and sparkling."
Ruby W. "That doesn't necessarily make them pretty."
I. V. "It sure does. Look at Helen Watson. Aren't hers pretty?"

Mr. Pollard to Miss Clark in the hall: "Will you go into the Study Hall and pick up three or four boys to carry this organ to Central?"
Miss Clark: "I might pick up one, but that's all I could handle."

Chas. Richter: "Say, do you know that every time they have a special assembly it always hits me right in the study period?"
(No, we didn't, Charles. We're sorry. Does it hurt?)

MABEL!

Mabel has some yellow curls,
Which she wears down her back,
And in these golden tresses,
Does Bob's interest never lack.

ARMY LIFE

There are many phases of army life and all are hard to bear,
That rolling out at five-twenty-five into the chilly air,

And being cussed by a corp'rl for something you didn't do,

But all of this is paradise compared with army stew!

In the preparation of this stuff no knowledge is brought into
play,

So in it you'll find most anything from beans to mud or hay.

Though it may be hard to swallow you mustn't ever com-
plain

So you turn your eyes to a comrade and try to enjoy his pain.

But it's better than it used to be; it used to be worse than bad,
And if you'll stop a minute you'll forget that you are sad,

And think, if the world progresses, as she is wont to do,

In a million years the weakest man may thrive on army stew!

—T. N.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Simperts:

I am a young lady about eighteen years old, and a Junior in Ames High School. I have brown curls and they have proved to be irresistable to several of the young men here, two in particular. One of them has red hair and one has brown, and I can hardly tell which one I like the better; but I have decided to choose the one who is most sincere. Now how, Miss Simperts, can I tell which one is the sincere one?

Marguerite Kirkham.

My Dear Marguerite:

From what you have said, I should judge that your curls play a very important part in attracting the gentlemen. Therefore, I would suggest that you pin your curls up and see which of your friends remains true. If this does not decide that matter, I should advise you to shave your head and this, I believe without a doubt, will be a sure and final test.

My dear Miss Simperts:

I am a young athlete, about nineteen years old, not particularly handsome, but rather witty at times. I have never had any serious love affairs, because I have always felt that I was too young to allow my mind to wander into such serious channels; but now I feel that I should begin to choose a definite object for my affections. The question is, whom shall I choose? I have been rather fascinated by a young lady named Cornelia but do you suppose, Miss Simperts, that a lady with so artistic a name could be practical? On the other hand, there is a young lady, residing in Marshalltown, who has professed an

interest in me and whom I might consider. Her name is Mary and there appears to be quite a lot to her. Which, Miss Simp-
ers, had I better choose? Joe Anderson.

My Dear Mr. Anderson:

Indeed, you have a very difficult problem before you and I should suggest that you think it over seriously, before taking the fatal step. However, from what I gathered from your description, I should advise you to let Cornelia be only a passing fancy, for I think Mary would be a much more practical and noticeable companion. If you ever have any more trouble, Joe, do not hesitate to write to me again.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

Oh! yes, Milton was a blind man
And that in many ways,
For he was blind to all the woe
That would come in later days.

He didn't think of us poor chaps
Who must read his powerful lines
And he's made of all the students
Pitiful old grinds.

He tells of Satan's awful sins
And his descending into hell,
And describes him very vividly
Both before and since he fell.

I think of an old, old proverb
That, "Experience teaches the best,"
Then, why doesn't Milton let us learn for ourselves
And at present let us rest?

But then perhaps he can't be blamed
For now I understand
He was the greatest hen-pecked man
In all the British land.

During his happy married life,
He wrote about "Paradise Lost"
Then his wife was taken ill and died
And he was no longer bossed.

So, with a boyish (?) happiness,
Quite unlike one so well trained,
His joy rushed on to paper
As "Paradise Regained".

'Tis said that in his writing
When dictation he must give
'Twould leak thru every daughters' ears
Like water thru a sieve.

Then we're glad that his daughters were silly,
Because they were vain, we are glad
For if none of his writing had leaked away
It would make us twice as sad.

And those daughters will be remembered
Long after Milton is dead,
Remembered for not writing everything
Their brilliant father said.

TO MISS COSKERY

It is hard to say good bye, dear teacher,
Though we know we soon must part.
All your kind deeds we'll remember,
And file them with love, in each heart.

We'll not forget your hours of labor,
Trying harder than others would try,
To improve for us our "Spirit",
The paper of old Ames High.

You have always been fair in our classes;
In grading, you've tried to do right.
I'm sure we never could thank you
Should we try with all our might.

And, though it is hard, dear teacher,
For us students to say good bye,
Remember, for you there is always
Our love, in the heart of Ames High.
—Martha Lesan.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

NAME	CHIEF VIRTUE	NOTED FOR	JUST IMAGINE	VOTED TO BE	OUGHT TO BE
Kathryn A.	Being popular	Getting dates	A preacher's wife	Cute	A chorus girl
Ward G.	Trying to be funny	Getting squelched	At a dance	Good looking	A lot of things
Mary Mc.	Being quiet	Talking	Prima donna	The limit	A fog horn
Marie Greer	Shortness	Beauty	Suffragette	A puzzle	Married
Ralph Lewis	No one knows it	Never worrying	A policeman	A good sport	Working
Helen C.	Coqueting	Having a case	Loved by all	An old peach	In society
Vera C.	Early rising	Witty jokes	On the farm	Cute	More dignified
Ione R.	Smiling	Cold hands	Without a lesson	A phenomenon	An angel
Harold C.	Bluffing	Talking nonsense	Being at home	Crazy	Too many things
Joe A.	Joking	Kidding the girls	At church	A nightmare	Posing for a camera
Don S.	Talking to Ruby	Beauty	Auctioneering	Without a date	Less dignified
Gladys I.	Meekness	Fancy dancing	At the show	A young library	In salvation army
Barclay N.	Getting dates	Telephoning	An innkeeper	A sprinter	Attractive
Ruth P.	Bashfulness	Giggling	Worried	Good looking	At home
Ted Jones	Being skinny	Grinning	Boisterous	Nice	Altered
Isabelle V.	Brilliant recitations	Wit	Being on time	A joke	In Cherokee
Inez C.	Brown eyes	Bangs	In an apron	A shark	With mother

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Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

The students of Ames High are living in a period of great opportunities, with every chance in the world to broaden themselves. Yet I wonder how many of us ever stop to think how a moment and fortunate we are. If one will but pause for consider the conditions under which we study, he will indeed be a pessimist, if he does not think them favorable. Here we have a good modern building, offering the best of conditions under which to work, then a faculty composed of good loyal teachers,

who are ever ready to help us over the stumbling blocks, that all of us encounter. We are not governed by any stringent rules, but we are asked to measure up to certain standards which all of us feel are not unreasonable, so it should be every student's duty to keep from creating any unnecessary disorders. And above all, every one of us should cooperate in bettering the conditions and boosting for our school.

STUDENT OPINION

The Rest Room

We are very fortunate in having a rest room for girls as such few schools have. Several years ago the "Neo's" and the "Junto's" took up a collection and purchased a cot, and the teachers kindly donated a cover. This was placed in the rest room to be used in case of sickness, and not to be made a clothes rack or a bookcase. It is a deplorable sight to see the floor strewn from one end to the other with hats, coats, notebooks, and papers.

Oftentimes girls are heard to complain that the room is too small to accommodate the large number of students and we do realize that this is true. However, wouldn't there be plenty of room if all wraps, books, papers, and rubbish were kept elsewhere?

Then, too, many use the rest room as a loafing place and assemble here for the purpose of exchanging "scandal". Let us all try to improve these conditions and see if things are not more pleasant.

R. C.

The Lower Regions

On which our superintendent and teachers frown;
There is a noisy place in our town,
But all the boys and girls are wont to say,
That this is where they like to play.

If one should chance to open up the door,
He will think he is near the home of Thor,
That Pandemonium is on a raid,
Or is it just the Board of Trade?

Noisy laughter, paper balls flying,
To outdo the other each one is trying;
But friends, it's nothing more nor less,
Than a motley crowd of A. H. S.

LITERARY

TO THE SHAMROCK

Oh, there's niver a blossom or flower,
That with yeer gay, green kin can compare,
Choose the fairest rose i' the bower,
Yet to me ye would seem twice as fair.

Ye're bonnie, as e'er was the dawn,
As bright and as fresh as the dew,
We'd defend ye by might and brawn,
And 'ud do it right willingly, too.

Deep down in me heart there's a spot,
It's kept safe and warm just for you,
Ye may kin that ye'll ne'er be forgot,
For faith, an' I'm Irish, too.

—Helen Watson '17.

THE "PIED-PIPER" OF SALEM

It was a bright March morning in the peaceful village of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Anyone who passed the Duston cottage on that day in 1697, might have heard the sound of a merry song, for Margaret Balset felt very happy as she did the Saturday baking. In a few months she would be going to Salem, and the very thought of it made her happy.

Over a year ago she had left her home and come to Haverhill to live with her aunt, Mrs. Hannah Duston. Witchcraft was then at a high pitch in Salem, and because she had the gift of making children love her and was really the "Pied-Piper" of her native town, it was not safe for Margaret to remain at home. Her stories of oldentimes had made a great impression upon the little ones, and when they told these at home to their superstitious parents, it became a fact in their trouble-making minds that Margaret Balset was a "witch", so before matters should come to a crisis, the girl had been sent to visit her Aunt Hannah. Now when affairs had quieted down it was safe for Margaret to return.

When dinner was called Mr. Duston and the three children, Mary, Ann, and Charles appeared, and added their merry chatter to the joyful laugh of Margaret, who was waiting on them and on Mrs. Duston and her week-old baby.

But the best part of the day, or so it seemed to the little ones, came just after the evening meal, for then they would all gather around the large, cozy fireplace, and Margaret would tell stories. "Tell about an Injun," Charles begged that even-

ing. "No, about the witches," was Mary's request. "I'd rather hear about a fairy queen," supplemented gentle Ann.

"Well, maybe there'll be time for all," laughed Margaret. She knew that Indian stories were not very good to go to bed on, and especially at a time when real Indians were in the habit of coming in and scalping the quiet, home-loving people. So the "Injun" story was about a good old chief who carried back a lost little girl to her parents. The witch story, too, was "tame", Charles said. But even though he did not admit it, the fairy story was enchanting. Myriads of dainty fairies danced in the firelight, and the fairy queen, on her golden throne, was wonderful.

"Bedtime now for everyone," was the next event, according to Margaret's reasoning. But not so with the children. However, they were soon tucked in, and the tired but happy girl went in to have her "good night" with her aunt. When the motherly advice and comfort had been given Margaret retired to her cot in a corner of the room.

About midnight a terrible sound rent the air. In a moment the town was awake, for it had heard the war-whoop of the savages, and the battle cry of France. By the time Margaret had reached her aunt's bed, Mr. Duston had come in. A short but pointed argument ensued between husband and wife. It ended in a victory for Mrs. Duston, as it was decided that, to save the rest of the family, the husband should try to escape with the children. They would try to get to Salem. Margaret could not be persuaded to leave her aunt,, so the two women were left to the mercy of the savages.

They remained quiet until finally the wild-men rushed into the cottage, and surrounded them. The unprotected women were at once taken into captivity, and were given into the charge of a family of ten savages, among whom were women and children.

Mrs. Duston had concealed the baby hoping that it might be saved in some way, but it was soon discovered, and mercilessly killed.

Then the march southward began. It was a hard time for both women, but Margaret, being the stronger, helped her aunt as much as possible. They also received some assistance from a white boy, Leonardson, who had been captured the year before, and was with this family.

The next night the Indians and their captives encamped a short distance above Concord. No watch was kept, for what could two white squaws and a little boy do? This the Red-skins were soon to discover.

Mrs. Duston soon arose and took tomahawks from sleeping savages. Two of these she gave to the other prisoners, and one she kept for herself. At a signal, three hatchets descended,

and three Indians were killed, for Leonardson had learned how the Indians tomahawked to kill instantly, and had taught it to his fellow captives. Margaret, her aunt, and the white boy worked stealthily until all were killed.

Then, a discovered canoe carried them swiftly down the river toward Salem and home.

"What a queer home-coming," thought Margaret. "Instead of arriving in a sensible, respectable manner, come walking in with Aunt Hannah, a rescued white boy, and a story that will satisfy the children's interest in Indians for a little while at least."

Salem was reached in time. The rest of the family had arrived safely, and the joy was great to see the two who were believed to be lost. "Mercy, what a 'witchy' family," exclaimed Mary. "Mother bewitches and charms Indians, and Margaret little boys and girls—and everybody."

—Lorraine Caul '19.

COURAGE!

Even though your heart is breaking,
 Clouds of sorrow hanging low,
 Brooding o'er you, pleasures taking;
 Bending backs with burdens go,
 Don't give up, just keep on trying,
 Look up bravely all the way,
 Face your troubles, no use flying,
 Conquer each one day by day.

Be a good scout, not complaining,
 Shift your cares upon another,
 Bear up bravely, not be wailing,
 Lean upon a stronger brother.
 Wind and sunshine bring the tan,
 Cares and sorrows mold the man:
 Blinding snowstorms, chilly rains,
 Aching hearts and troubled brains,
 God sends heavy cares to strengthen,
 Please and joy our lives to lengthen.

CRITICAL REVIEW

I will not lose grasp of the world because of my dream;
 Because of my dream, I cannot lose grasp of the world,
 Heed not the ways of the creepers, Oh dreamers of dreams,
 Dreams are the light feet of goats on the crags of the
 world.—Shaemas O Sheel.

In this short poem, Shaemas O Sheel has expressed dreams thoroughly and beautifully. We picture the poet, a dreamer

but one whose dreams are never permitted to master him; a man whose dreams of the high and the unattainable, yet never soars above the world on the wings of fancy. He cautions dreamers to "heed not the ways of the creepers", to be just mighty or mightier because of their dreams and not to creep along only thinking things but to accomplish them.

He pictures dreams as the "light feet of goats on the crags of the world". This comparison is certainly clever, for dreams are merely fleet and passing and leave no impression on the world as the goat leaves no footprints on the rocks and cliffs. Then dreams, like goats, mount higher than any human being and the "Crag of the world" are insurmountable cliffs where dreams alone can pass.

The long lines of O Sheel's poem give it a swinging, musical and dreamy quality, while it is expressed with a melodious and artistic development of idea.

The charm of the poem lies mostly in its melody, and the thought that is suggested.

—Ruby Wasser '17.

MEMORIES

I sit alone by my fireside,
In the shadows, the dim lights cast,
And my mind is strangely haunted,
With the phantoms of the past.

Memories of my childhood days,
Which spread a radiant glow,
Over the sad and deep reflections,
Which I now forever know.

Memories of friends I cherished
Above all things below;
But now they are only phantoms;
Of that long, long ago.

Memories of beautiful love and bliss,
Which can no more have a part;
In making life's trials seem easier,
Or soothing an aching heart.

But my heart is no longer heavy
When I think of that land so blest,
Where in the sight of Our Father;
My spirit shall ever rest.

—Clara Gilchrist' 17.

HER VALENTINE

Oh, dare not read this story,
You folk of practical mind,
For 'tis a lover's story,
And about a Valentine.

Janet, who was sitting curled up in her father's big arm chair, before the fire, closed her magazine with a sigh of discontent. No, there was nothing the matter with the story. It had been a wonderful love story, such as we often find in magazines, and Janet, being a thoroughly lively and romantic girl of sixteen, enjoyed it as only sweet sixteens can. Of course, the girl in the story was a dear sweet girl, as they always are, with beautiful wavy hair, deep sparkling eyes, and—you know the rest. But it wasn't the girl she was thinking of, so much as the man. Wasn't he wonderful?

"Why, why aren't here any men like that now?" she said to herself. "Why, I don't know a boy in our high school, who looks like that, and who would ever think of saying and doing all the splendid things that he did. Take Ross, for instance, why, he isn't anything like that. And the boy in the story sent her a beautiful valentine, too, and Ross would think that was babyish now, for he hasn't sent me any valentines since I was in the eighth grade. Oh, I want a valentine! If he'd only be thoughtful enough of me, and care enough about me, to send me one, I'd like him as well as the story man, even if he doesn't say such nice things. But he won't."

Then she sighed again, and went to her room, and wrote all of her troubles in a faithful little diary.

The next day at school she just couldn't talk to Ross, except to say "yes" or "no" to his questions, for he seemed so far away from the ideal of the story and so common and sensible and uninteresting.

"Oh, I say, Janet," he finally exploded, "can't you at least be human? You might treat a fellow as if you knew him at any rate." But she only shrugged her shoulders, and hurried to her classes just as the bell rang.

Tomorrow, Elgin High was to play her last basketball game of the season, and Janet, being a very loyal student, of course, went to the game. (Ross was captain of the team, but that really didn't make any more difference to her than it would to any other girl in her place.) She watched the first half of the game with an indifference, which was really quite unusual for her. At the beginning of the second half she was quite as indifferent, and was not at all aroused when the girl next to her nudged her, and whispered in an excited voice, "Somebody's hurt". What did it matter to Janet, anyway; but in a moment she became somewhat aroused by the fact, that they were still

morning over the boy on the floor. Soon, however, two of the boys picked up their comrade, and carried him off the floor. As they passed her, she saw that the boy's face was working with pain, and that it was Ross.

"His ankle's broken, I guess," the girl next to her whispered in an awed tone.

The tears came to Janet's eyes, and it was with difficulty that she kept them back. Oh, why hadn't she appreciated Ross before, and to think how horrid she had been. Think of what he was suffering for his school, and he was so human, too. The story man wasn't, and he never could have been as brave as Ross was. She liked him better, oh, a thousand times better, than the man in the story, even if he didn't send her a valentine, and she would make up or everything when she saw him again.

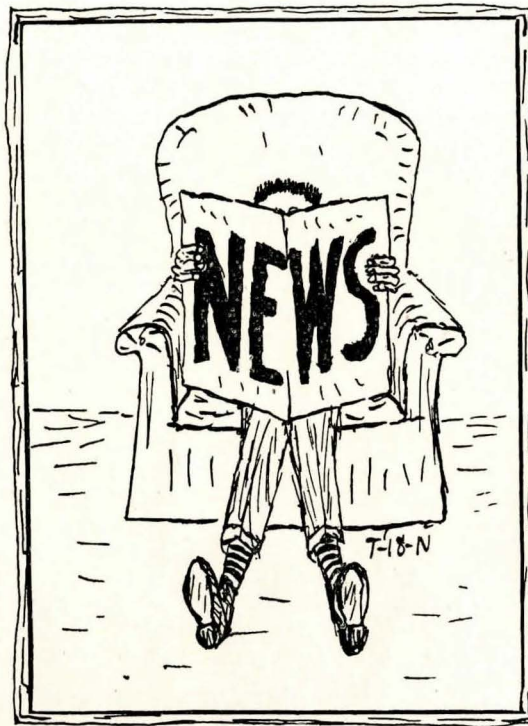
After the game, she hurried home, wondering how soon she would see him again, and repenting for her foolishness. As she came into the house, Bob, a small and mischievous brother, ran to her crying, excitedly, "Janet, Oh, Janet! There's a package for you".

Surprised, and somewhat mystified, Janet hurried to the table and picked up the package. She opened it hastily, and inside of a box of delicious chocolates she found a card bearing the following inscription in well-known hand-writing, "To my Valentine".

"Why," she exclaimed aloud, "how did he know I wanted a valentine"?

Then, as Bob choked back a laugh, she thought of her diary, and she laughed; laughed at Bob, her story man, her foolishness, and from pure joy.

D. P. '17.



On Friday afternoon, Jan. 26, the Juniors and Seniors, and the Freshmen and Sophomores gave joint literary programs, which in both cases, were very good. After their conclusion, the High School assembled in the auditorium for a "pep" meeting for the debate with Carroll High School, in the evening. The two football yell leaders, "H" and "Hap", together with Mr. Pollard, who led in the High School songs, succeeded in arousing some of the old-time football enthusiasm.

Friday night, January 26, the Ames High debating team, consisting of Glen Bute, Helen Watson and Barclay Noble, met the Carroll High team, in the first contest of the season. The teams were well matched, although Carroll had the more experienced speakers. Both teams had their material well in hand and the arguments presented, were very good. This was the first time that Ames High ever tried out in such a contest and the team deserves credit for the plucky fight they put up, even if he judges did decide unanimously for Carroll.

On Thursday evening, January 18, Josephine Wilkenson and Beatrice Olson entertained the Spirit staff at the home of the former, in honor of Miss Coskery, the teacher advisor of the

"Spirit", who left Ames High at the close of the first semester. Music and games were some of the features of the evening's entertainment and it was discovered that two of the members possessed some unknown vocal talent, with which they were very anxious to entertain the guests. At the close of the evening, a delicious two-course luncheon was served and the guests departed to their homes, declaring that "Jo" and "Beadie" were royal entertainers.

Our first semester has come to a close and is by this time a part of history. A new plan was adopted this year, in which the semester exams were abandoned, much to the delight of the students, but, much to the sorrow there was no vacation between semesters. Some of our old students dropped out, but several new students entering, have taken their places and we are all hard at work again.

The preliminary declamatory contest will be held the twenty-first of February in a special assembly. There will be about twenty contestants, of which, the nine best will be chosen, and they will compete in the final contest in March. All of the English teachers are giving special credit to the students taking part. Much interest has been manifested in this contest, and it is hoped it will be a lively one.

A pep meeting was held after school Friday, February 2, in anticipation of the basketball game that evening. We are sorry to state that only a few of the students were present, but it was a "peppy" meeting, anyway. Yells, interesting talks by Mr. Steffy, Mr. Thompson, Paul Hammond, and Lyle McCarty were given.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshmen held a class meeting in the Auditorium on February 5. Several important matters were brought up, and the class chose green and gold as their class colors. They also decided to have a "Hard Time" party, Friday, February 9. This will be a big affair for the "Preps" and they are all expecting a good time.

ASSEMBLIES

Our assemblies have been rather on the quiet order of late, due to the fact that the plans of the faculty have not worked out according to their expectations. Arrangements were made, on several occasions, for prominent men to be present and speak, but these plans miscarried and it was necessary to call on the faculty.

One day, Mr. Weller, national organizer of the playground movement, gave us a short talk, and the rest of the period was

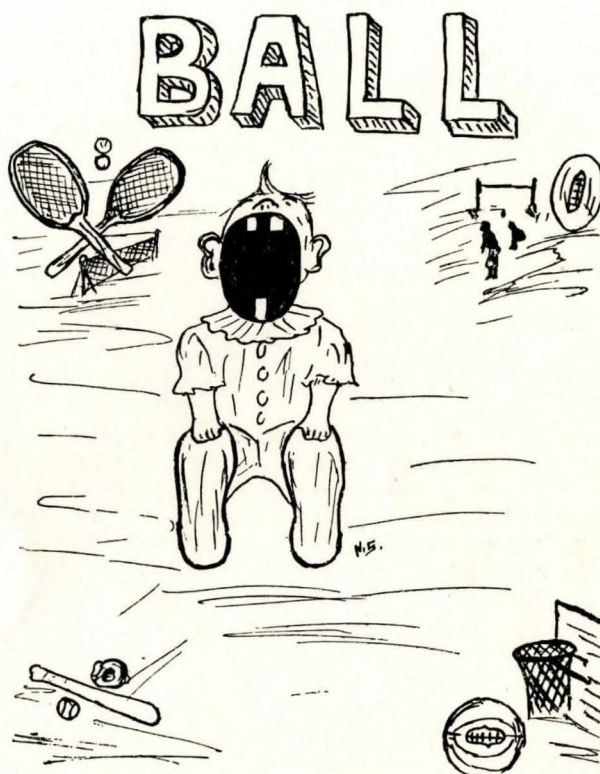
devoted to music. The students sang a number of High School songs, after which Miss Gates gave several instrumental selections, much to the delight of the students, who called her back three or four times.

We are very sorry that Miss Coskery left Ames High, but we are glad to welcome Miss Mills. Although we miss the good fellowship and advice of our old friend, we are fast becoming acquainted with Miss Mills, who has shown a great deal of enthusiasm not only in class work, but in giving her assistance to the "Spirit" staff. We hope that she will enjoy her work with us as much as we, in turn, will enjoy our work with her.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

Tuesday, January 30, the Seniors held a class meeting in the High School Study Hall. This meeting was held for the purpose of choosing the class pin and ring, but as the samples at hand were not satisfactory, the class decided to see others before making their decision.

At this same meeting, Josephine Wilkenson read a letter from Miss Coskery in appreciation of the Skin given her by the Senior class.



SENIORS WIN CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP

Winning five games out of six, the Seniors carried off the honors of the annual inter-class basketball series. Each team played six games ending with the following standing:

	Won	Lost
Seniors	5	1
Juniors	4	2
Freshmen	2	4
Sophomores	1	5

Now that the class series are disposed of, Coach Thompson will devote the rest of his time to sifting out a team that will represent the school during the following season.

A promising string of recruits who have been practicing daily for the last month, are fast becoming proficient basket tossers.

A nine-game schedule has been arranged, but owing to the lack of floor space, only three will be played on the home floor.

1917 SCHEDULE

Boone at Boone.....	Nov. 24
Colo at Home.....	Feb. 2
Toledo at Toledo.....	Feb. 3
Indianola at Indianola.....	Feb. 9
Dallas Center at Dallas Center.....	Feb. 16
Algona at Algona.....	Mar. 2
Tournament at Fort Dodge.....	Mar. 9
Nevada at Home.....	
Nevada at Nevada.....	Mar. 16

FIRST TEAM GAME—SECOND SERIES

Sophomores 13—Juniors 11

In a rough and tumble game, the Sophomore turned the tables on the Juniors and whipped them 13-11. The Sophs. showed a marked improvement over their former games, both in team work and basket shooting. Hammond and Ricketts starred for the Sophomores while McCarty, Innes and Sauvain were the mainstays of the Juniors.

Sophomores		Juniors	
	Field G. Free T.	Sauvain F.	2 9
Ricketts F.	2 1	Sage F.	0 3
Pepper F.	0 0	Innes C.	2 0
Hammond C. ...	3 0	McCarty G. ...	0 0
Ross G.	0 0	Dunlap G.	0 0
Anderson G. ...	1 0		
Hess G.	0 0		
	6 1		4 3

Seniors 15—Freshmen 12

In a hard fought and exciting game the Seniors won from the Freshmen 15-12. When the final whistle blew the score stood 12-12 and it required one 3 minute and three 2 minute extra periods to decide the victor.

The feature of the game was the exceptionally close guarding by both teams.

L. Hoon, Bennett and Posegate were the stars for the Freshmen while Dvoracek, Mabie and Waitley held the honors for the Seniors.

Seniors		Freshmen	
	Field G. Free T.	E. Elliott F....	0 0
Dvoracek F. ...	4 0	Bennett F.	0 4
Lerdall F.	0 3	L. Hoon C.	3 0

Mabie C.	2	0	Scoville G.	0	0
Crosby G.	0	0	Posegate G.	1	0
Lewis G.	0	0	Grey G.	0	0
Waitley G.	0	0			
	6	3		4	4

Freshmen 13—Sophomores 11

Of all the games which had been played, this one outranked and outclassed them all. The Freshmen played an exceptionally good offensive game, and time and again broke up the Sophomore's defense. Both teams passed the ball well.

Bennett tallied 9 points for the Freshmen and Hammond 7 for the Sophomores.

Freshmen		Sophomores	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Bennett F.	4 1	Ricketts F.	2 0
E. Elliott F.	1 0	Anderson F. ...	0 0
L. Hoon C.	0 0	Hammond C. ...	3 1
Posegate G.	1 0	Pepper G.	0 0
Scoville G.	0 0	Ross G.	0 0
	6 1		5 1

Seniors 9—Juniors 7

In a close game the Seniors won from the Juniors by a scant two point margin. The Juniors lead at the end of the first half 7-5 but were unable to score a single point during the last half.

Dvoracek for the Seniors, and Innes for the Juniors, lead in the scoring.

Seniors		Juniors	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Dvoracek F. ...	3 0	Sauvain F.	0 0
Lewis F.	1 0	McCarty F.	1 0
Lerdall C.	0 1	Musson F.	0 0
Crosby G.	0 0	Innes C.	2 0
Shull G.	0 0	Sage G.	0 1
		Dunlap G.	0 0
	4 1		3 1

Juniors 22—Freshmen 8

In a hard fought game the Juniors completely outclassed and outplayed the first year men, winning by a fourteen point margin.

The Freshmen failed to show any of their fighting qualities and team work of the night before.

Bennett for the Freshmen and Innes and McCarty for the Juniors were the chief point winners.

Juniors		Freshmen	
Field G. Free T.		Field G. Free T.	
Sauvain F.	2 0	Bennett F.	2 0
Musson F.	2 0	E. Elliott F.	0 0
Innes C.	3 1	L. Hoon C.	1 0
McCarty G.	3 1	Posegate G.	1 0
Dunlap G.	0 0	Scoville G.	0 0
Saffly G.	0 0		
	10 2		4 0

Seniors 7—Sophomores 5

A perfectly peaceful game to begin with, but had it been continued five minutes overtime, would, in all probability have resembled the great conflict across the Atlantic more than a high school basketball game.

Having trimmed the Juniors the night before the Sophs. were reluctant to part with their winning streak so soon and as a result the game was somewhat rougher than usual.

Seniors		Sophomores	
Field G. Free T.		Field G. Free T.	
Dvoracek F.	2 1	Ricketts F.	0 0
Lerdall F.	1 0	Pepper F.	0 0
Mabie C.	0 0	Hammond C.	1 1
Lewis G.	0 0	Ross G.	0 0
Crosby G.	0 0	Anderson G.	1 0
	3 1		2 1

Freshmen 10—Sophomores 9

With the score 9 to 4 at the end of the first half, victory to the first year men looked like an almost "hopeless case". But the Sophs. received the surprise of their lives, when the Freshmen came back in the second half and tallied 6 points to their 0, sufficient to give them the game by one point. Dalby was the individual point winner for the Freshmen while R. Potter and Howell were the mainstays of the Sophs.

Freshmen		Sophomores	
Field G. Free T.		Field G. Free T.	
O'Brien0	0	R. Potter1	3
Dalby4	0	Howell2	0
Coburn0	0	Meyers0	0
Stewart0	0	Johns0	0
Armstrong0	0	Fitch0	0
	5 0		3 3

Juniors 10--Seniors 4

The Senior seconds were unable to live up to the standards of the first team and allowed the Juniors to take their measure 10-4.

R. Hoon made the four points for the Seniors on fouls. Kern played a good game for the Juniors, making five of their ten points.

Juniors		Seniors	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Kern	2 1	Deal	0 0
Beach	1 0	Ewing	0 0
Saffly	0 0	R. Hoon	0 4
E. Johnson	0 1	Dunkle	0 0
Apland	0 0	Logsdon	0 0
Ballinger	1 0	Mathre	0 0
		P. Potter	0 0
	4 2		0 4

Juniors 22--Sophomores 2

The Juniors had little difficulty in winning from the Sophs. Although both team had frequent chances for a basket, they were unable to shoot them through the loop.

Beach and Kerns were the chief point winners for the Juniors while Fitch, R. Potter and Meyers played a good defensive game for the Sophomores.

Ames 19--Boone 20

Inability to register free throws, constant fouling, and a large floor were the chief reasons for losing the first game on the schedule. For the first few minutes the team was completely lost on the big floor and Boone had registered nine points before the echo of the first whistle had scarcely died away. But once the locals got their bearings they played the Boone team to a standstill. Three baskets in quick succession by Hammond, followed by two long ones from the center of the field by McCarty, brought the score up to a somewhat respectable level and from then on until the final whistle it was a battle royal for victory. The last half was played on even terms, both teams scoring six points.

Hammond and McCarty starred for the home team and Meredith and Johnson for Boone.

Referee: Linden of I. S. C.

Ames		Boone	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Innes F.	1 0	Meredith F. ...	2 8
Lerdall F.	1 0	Johnson F.....	3 0

Dvoracek F.0	0	Cummings C....1	0
Hammond C. ...4	1	Nelson G.....0	0
McCarty G. ...3	0	Shroadler G....0	0
Dunlap G.0	0	Land G.0	0
Anderson G....0	0	Pollersin G....0	0
9	1	6	8

Ames 63—Colo 22

Trounced by Boone, by a scant one point the week before, the team took revenge out on Colo and trimmed them by a forty-one point margin. The locals had a good eye for baskets but their team work was poor. Hammond and McCarty starred for Ames.

A good crowd turned out to witness the first home game.

Ames		Colo	
Field	G. Free T.	Field	G. Free T.
Ricketts F.....5	0	Sharkey F.....3	0
Sauvain F.....0	0	Hand F.....4	0
Innes F.....3	0	Farren C.....3	2
Lerdall F.....4	1	Causer G.....0	0
Hammond C...14	1	Wherry G.....0	0
McCarty G....5	0		
Dunlap G.....0	0		
Dvoracek G....0	0		
13	1	10	2

Ames 34—Toledo 26

Encouraged by their victory over Colo the night before the team went to Toledo and repeated their performance but not on such a large scale. Near the close of the last half the scores stood 26-26, but four baskets, in the last few minutes, by Hammond, Ricketts, McCarty and Innes cinched the game for Ames.

Ricketts with five baskets was individual point winner while Innes, Hammond and McCarty caged four apiece.

Ames		Toledo	
Field	G. Free T.	Field	G. Free T.
Innes F.....4	0	Houghton F....3	0
Ricketts F.....5	0	Westfell F.....5	0
Hammond C....4	0	DuPre C.....2	0
McCarty G....4	0	Mathurn G....1	0
Dunlap G.....0	0	Somers G.....2	0
17	0	13	0

Referee: Baxter of Toledo.



As the saying "Laugh and the world laughs with or at you" applies especially to our High School world, we have adopted the following "chuckles" from the exchanges we have received. Remember these are only a sample and you can probably find some better laughs if you'll take the time to read our exchanges.

SCHOOL LIFE

Weep, and you're called a baby,
 Laugh, and you're called a fool,
 Yield, and you're called a coward,
 Stand, and you're called a mule.
 Smile, and they'll call you silly,
 Frown, and they'll call you gruff,
 Put on a front like a millionaire,
 And somebody'll call your bluff.

A LOCAL VARIETY

Senior: "I ain't never made but one gramatical error, and when I seen it I taken it back."

NOT ALWAYS

Junior: "Do you always stutter?"

Freshie: "N-n-n-n-no-o-o on-on-l-ly w-w-w-wh-when I-I-I-I-I s-s-s-sp-speak."

Early to bed and early to rise,
Love all the teachers and tell them no lies.
Study your lessons that
You may be wise,
And buy from the firms that advertise.

If you hear a joke
That really makes you grin,
Don't waste it on yourself,
But write it down and hand it in.

MODERN HISTORY

Teacher: "What are the children of the Czar called?"
Willie Mc's Understudy: "Czardines."

EVER FELT LIKE THIS?

Public Speaker: "Ladies and G-g-gentlemen: When I came here tonight only two people knew my speech, my father and myself. N--n-now o-only f-f-father knows i-it."

ANOTHER SPASM

Latin is a dead, dead language,
It's as dead as it can be;
It killed off all the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

Our idea of a soft snap: Being janitor of an air castle.

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat;
I thought my heart would break with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring,
For the little hand I held last night
Was four acres and a king.

Sh! If ye eat onions don't breathe it to a soul.
Notice! Don't use chipped glass in your breakfast food.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth to cater to our appetities."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough".

SEPTEMBER 5

Hark! Hark!
 The Freshies act smart,
 The Preps are coming to school;
 The Sophs are elated,
 The Juniors inflated,
 The Seniors begin their wise rule.

Little lines of Latin,
 Little lines to scan,
 Make a mighty Virgil,
 And a crazy man.

Neighbor: "How's your boy getting along with his studies?"
 Father: "Fine, he don't bother them any."

METERS

There is meter in music,
 There is meter in tone,
 But the best place to meter,
 Is to meter alone.

SONG OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER

How dear to my heart is the cash of the subscriber,
 When the generous subscriber presents it to view;
 But he who won't pay, I refrain from describing,
 For perhaps, gentle reader, that one may be you.

He put his arm around her neck,
 And the color left her cheek;
 But upon the shoulder of his coat,
 It showed up for a week.

Notice: Hereafter all jokes will be written on tissue paper
 so the Freshmen can see through them.

Ich weiss nicht wass soll es bedeuten
 Dass ich so traurig bin,
 Ich habe mein pony vergessen
 Es ging mir gerade aus dem Sinn.
 Herr Professor ist kuehl and er chuckles
 And ruhing lacht er in glee,
 Er glaubt dass er will jemand flunken;;
 Ach, Himmel!! Kann dass sein me?

ALUMNI



Laurence Murphy, Earl Quade and De Vere McNeil are putting in their valuable time on the border.

Hazel Davis, who is now at Cedar Falls, is moving to Texas. Elizabeth Kooser, formerly with Tilden Store, is now employed by the Gas Company.

Hazel McQuillan is now attending Grinnell, taking the music course.

Helen Raymond is also attending Grinnell.

Pall Melick is very busy at present trying to perfect his wireless.

Geo. Olsan has returned from C. C. C. C. to assist in the new firm.

Baily Waltmire is taking a theological course at Northwestern.

Cora Willey is employed in the Treasurer's office at the college.

Glen Wilson is married. Nuff sed.

Myra Wasser is drawing her money from the Dean's office.

Martha Farnum '12 has been elected to the Omicron Nu Nu.

Glen Carberry has returned from West Point and is beginning work at I. S. C.

Sarah McElyea is now trying Drake Uni. It's nearer home.

Dwight Britten, Lester Sweringen, Clarence Smith and several others have severed their connection with I. S. C.

Carl Clark '13 is now some carpenter.

Robt. McCarthy has been appointed to West Point. Congratulations.

Gladys Ricketts has quit college. Can you guess?

Neta Snook didn't like it at Iowa, so she is attending I. S. C.

Garnet Searle has been nominated for Sophomore representative of the Women's Guild I. S. C.

Pearl Cameron has withdrawn from I. S. C. on account of ill health.

Edith Curtis '13 is president of the Red Heads, a new club of brick tops at I. S. C.

Without the cooperation of all of the members of Ames High the Alumni Department will not survive. The editor thinks it no more than proper that you give your support to this part of the Spirit. Of course, you may not be interested in this department, but there are some who like to hear about the alumni. A successful high school paper must contain a complete history of the affairs of the school. This does not refer to the present alone, but to the past as well. Do you think that any of the alumni would subscribe for the paper, if all it contained was the news of the high school proper. If each one of you would take it upon yourselves to contribute something toward this department, there is no doubt the alumni would give us better support than they have given. It will make the Spirit an all around edition, instead of one which is of interest to the present day student only.

JOKES

SPIRIT SPASMS

Voice sneaking into Pratt's parlor: "Geraldine, we don't mind about the light bill, but please ask Tom not to carry off the morning paper."

Paul Hammond: "What is the best thing to increase chest expansion?"

Sarcastic Friend: "Mention in the 'Times' as a basketball artist."

Ever notice that Johnson was spelled with a capital "J"?

Miss Clark (talking about imported goods in Commercial Geography class): "What is one product that we cannot do without?"

Joe A.: "Dates."

In Senior Eng. (class discussing a poem describing ideal farm life.)

Helen Curtiss: "That poet doesn't know anything about farm life. I don't think they ought to write about things they don't know anything about."

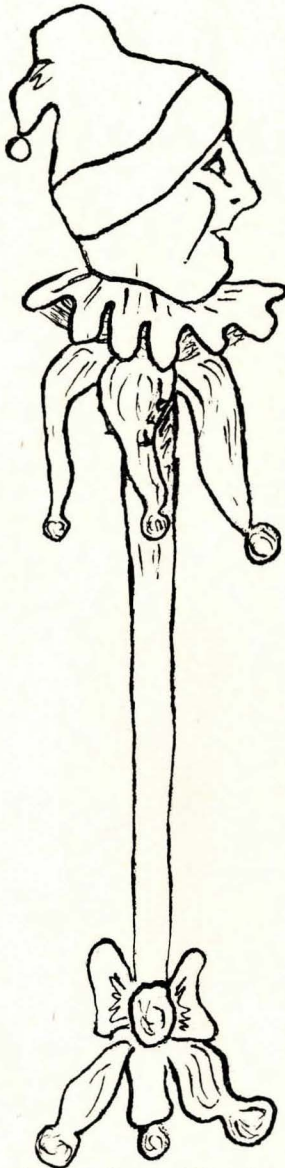
Miss Coskery: "Why, Helen, he wasn't writing for an Ag. magazine."

Overheard at an A. H. S. basketball game: A lady who was attending the game asked her friend, upon looking up into the balcony off the gym: "Why, I wonder what that little room is for?"

Her Friend: "I think it must be the domestic science room. It certainly looks like it."

(We don't wonder that they were puzzled as to what the place is used for.)

Miss Johnson (to class). "Once, when I went home on a va-



cation, I fell asleep and was carried past past Oskaloosa two stations."

Ted Russell: "Pretty good joke on you, wasn't it?"

Miss J.: "Rather too far fetched."

Patron: "Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Bob Sage: "There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

D. P. (in Senior Eng. class) "Miss Coskery, would you say that poetry was only that which contained a beautiful thought beautifully expressed?"

Miss C. "No, I don't believe that I would."

D. P. "Well, Mr. Hicks gave that as a definition and I just wanted to see if it was right."

Miss A. Sprague (on second floor hall) to Ralph Ross: "What are you doing here?"

Ralph: "Standing still."

Miss Sprague: "Move on, what if everybody stood still, how would the rest get past?"

(Don't blame us if you heard her "spring" that one once before.)

Miss Coskery: "Thomas, point out the pronoun in the sentence just given."

T. M. "I didn't understand the sentence."

Miss C. "Is that what you were just asking Leona?"

T. M. "No, I was telling her what it was."

Miss C. "Evidently when you tell a thing you lose it."

T. M. "Well, then, she's got it."

Miss A. Sprague: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise person can answer."

(No wonder we flunk so many exams.)

I wish that Washington had died
When he was but a kid,
I wish the earth had been "sehr" square,
And over "Chris" had slid.

I wish Magellan had lost his way
And hit the south pole bang!
If only the Mayflower'd never sailed
I wouldn't now use slang.

I wish John Smith had married young
And settled down in France,
And I could do as well as he
If I only had the chance.

These friends are gone and buried,
And I hope they're resting well,
But 10 to 1 the woe they've caused
Will make them go to Hell!



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Simpers:

The way I walk has been causing me a great deal of annoyance. Although it is graceful, I wish you would tell me how to abstain from springing.

Harold Crosby.

My dear Mr. Crosby:

Purchase a walking chair and learn over.

Dear Miss Simpers:

You will pardon one who is not a student, if she writes to you for advice, for I really do not see why your department should not be opened to all who are lovelorn. I am an A. H. S. teacher, but of late I am sure that I have felt as young as any of my pupils. I am engaged to be married. Now that it has come upon me, I wish to know how I may live, after the wedding, so that neither of us will regret it.

Miss S. Clark.

Dear Miss Clark:

Live the same good natured life after the wedding, as you have always lived before, and both of you are sure to be happy.

Theorem: If I love a girl, she loves me.

Given: I love a girl.

To prove: She loves me.

Proof: All the world loves a lover.—Shakespeare.

My girl is all the world to me.

Therefore: My girl equals the world.

(Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.)

Therefore: My girl loves a lover. I am a lover. My girl loves me.—Ex.

An A. H. S. student's interpretation of:

Much Ado About Nothing—Freshman Class Meeting.

As You Like It—No Class on account of assembly.

The Sweetest Story Ever Told—You may have until Monday to get your notebooks in.

Silver Bell—The one at 4:15.

The Lost Words—I know, Mr. Hicks.

Divine Comedy—The girls' rest room.

Inferno—The office after you've skipped class.

The Rosary—A string of unexcused absences.

Utopia—A land of no schools.

Praise of Folly—A Freshman girl.

Plgrem's Progress—A student's trip home for his report card.

Paradise Lost—A broken date.

Paradse Regained—Two successive date nights.

Midsummer Night's Dream—Commencement in June.

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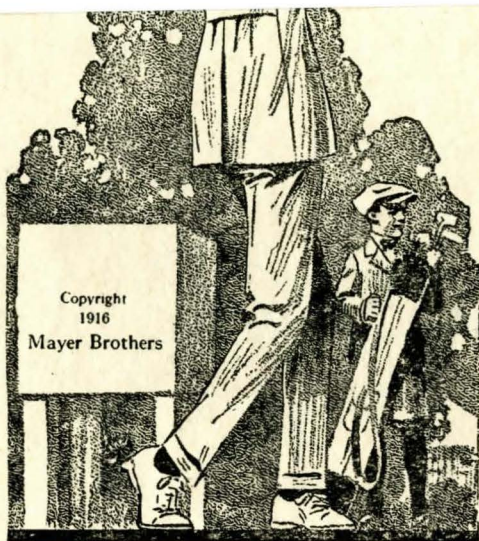


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Vol. VI.

MARCH, 1917

No. 4

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15c a single copy

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Kathryn Allan, '17

EDITORIAL

A dark momentary gloom spread over the students and friends of Ames High when it was learned that we had been suspended from the state athletic association. But thanks to that "never-say-die" spirit which reigns through our school, we have already come to think better of the situation, and our once shattered hope for a successful football team, next fall, has brightened. Mr. Thompson has begun to arrange for next year's games with schools outside the state. These games will

be a good thing for our school and our team. We are in no way peeved at the action of the State Board, even though we were handed the maximum penalty. We have unknowingly disobeyed some of the rules and shall accept the punishment without a word. It is to be hoped that no one will blame either Mr. Steffy or Mr. Thompson for the small technical error which caused us to be suspended.

STUDENT OPINION

THE FLAG

Have you noticed the flag waving over our school building? If you haven't, a good many have, and they claim it is a disgrace to have such a flag flaunting before the public as they pass by. Flags are not expensive and I am sure it would be well worth the effort if the students would do something. I am certain that a gift of a few cents from each pupil would buy a flag that no school would be ashamed to own.

Have we any sense of pride? It certainly does not seem so when we hear the report of the "lost" department. Perhaps we do not mean anything by borrowing books but it is indeed very unhandy to the person who has lost one and who wishes to use it at a certain time. If you are obliged to borrow books either from the library or from a fellow-student, isn't it as easy to return them as it was to borrow them? Not only books have disappeared, but also many other articles. Remember, we are past the kindergarten age!

A Loser.

PATHS

We all admire the little paths beginning to appear across our lawn, and furthermore, we admire the brave pioneers who are struggling to make them and we do realize that they need encouragement. So, if you see anyone attempting to drag their weary carcass across our school prairie, just walk bravely up to him, pat him on the back, and say, "Brace up, old fellow, take a new start, it's not half so bad as the sidewalk and you will actually gain three seconds".

But, seriously, if we wish to keep up the reputation which we have established all over the state, we must not mar our lawns by these paths. They certainly do not add to the beauty of the surroundings but detract a great deal. With the combined effort of all the students, I think it will be possible for us to do away with this bad habit.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE LEAVES

The golden leaves came fluttering down,
Covering the earth with a carpet brown;
Helping create an autumnal glow,
As if the whole woods were dressed for show.

The bare old trees stood straight and still,
Acting as guard o'er vale and hill;
For over it all were scattered their treasures,
Piled everywhere in countless measures.

They knew their fun was over now,
So bid adieu with a glorious bow,
To be content with winter's calm,
And pay their pennance without a qualm.

Josephine Wilkinson '17.

PRINCE BOBBY OF MIDGET LAND, SOUTHEAST
OF NOWHERE

The blustering March winds were blowing around the corners of the house, and Bobby, sitting in the great armchair before the fire, shivered as he heard the mournful sound. In his lap was a beautiful picture book and Bobby was wishing with all his heart and soul that he could see a king and queen, and was imagining what he would do if he were a prince.

Bobby's little head was nodding and the fire was growing dimmer and dimmer, when, suddenly, he heard a thin little voice pipe up. "Would you really like to see a king?"

Bobby looked all around wondering who could have spoken, when there on the arm of his chair, sat a queer little man no bigger than Bobby's hand. He was as red as fire from the top of his strange little hat to the tip of his tiny feet.

Bobby looked at him a few moments, wondering how he

should address such a person, when the little fellow said, with a puzzling expression, "I say, did you want to see a king?"

"Why, . . . yes," stammered Bobby, and then, as if he didn't know what to say, "are you one?"

Bobby saw the little fellow double up until he had to look hard to be able to see the little red spot. Then he heard a tiny squeak that made him wonder if the elf, or whatever his new friend was, could possibly have a pain somewhere. And then he said, "Shall I call grandma? She knows just what to do when little boys get sick."

"Oh, no," said the tiny man. "I was just laughing when you asked me if I was a king. But if you'll come with me and not be a cry-baby—you know you won't dare to even kiss your mother goodbye—then you'll see a king and other things, too, that will make your eyes stay open all night long."

Bobby jumped out of his chair and held himself up straight. Of course he wouldn't be a cry-baby, and he'd even go away and leave his mother, only—he bet the little red man didn't have any mother, or—but then he'd go. Why, he'd leave ten mothers to see a king.

The little red man asked Bobby to put him in his pocket and then they'd start. They were first to climb out the west window. Now Bobby didn't know how he was going to accomplish this act, for he knew that the window was much too high for a small boy to step onto the ground. Nevertheless, he closed his eyes and let loose of the window sill.

Then, instead of falling to the ground as he had expected, he stepped right into the middle of a great round tub, and sitting around the edge were twelve little red men, exactly like the one who had suddenly appeared on Bobby's chair.

No sooner had Bobby sat down in the middle of the tub than it began to rise, slowly at first and then, faster and faster. Now they were sailing far above the tree tops and Bobby took one last look homeward. When he saw the smoke blowing from the chimney, he thought with regret, how well he'd like to have that gingerbread for dinner. But it couldn't be helped now and so he turned to his companions and gasped, "Where are we going?"

"To Midget-land," they answered together.

Bobby tried to think of all the places Daddy had been and, strange to say, he couldn't remember that he'd ever been to Midget-land, so he asked where the place was located.

Again they answered in unison, "Midget-land is southeast of Nowhere".

Bobby was still in the dark for he had no idea where Nowhere was, but before he could ask any more questions, the tub began to sink, and they landed right before the most beautiful little city Bobby had ever seen. All he could do was clap his

hands and wonder what Mary Smith would think of her doll-house if she could take one look at this.

There was Midget-land all laid out at his feet, and as Bobby looked down at the pretty white houses and the little inhabitants running to and fro, he felt like a regular giant. Then, suddenly, there seemed to be great havoc in the city. Boys and girls rushed madly into their houses, all the doors were bolted, and a dashing young midget ran into the street and rescued his sweetheart from the jaws of death, for down the street came a thin gray rat.

Now, ordinarily, Bobby would have run from a rat. He didn't even like a tiny mouse. But, now, he felt sorry for these poor little people. He knew how he'd feel if a great big animal, even bigger than Daddy, should come running by their house. He guessed he'd keep close to mother then. So he pulled up a little tree by the roots. This was pretty hard work but it was just a young tree, and in a few minutes, Bobby was stepping carefully between the houses and was pushing the rat in front of him.

Later, when the city had been rid of its terror and when the tiny inhabitants had again ventured from their homes, the king of Midget-land, with his attendants, rode up to Bobby on a tiny prancing charger. He told him how the people wished to repay him for the deed he had done, but they could think of nothing, and he must choose his own reward. Bobby would be granted three wishes.

Every small boy at some time in his life, has chosen those three wishes, which every small boy expects to have granted. Bobby was no exception. While at home before the fire, he had thought of wonderful things he would wish for, if ever he was in such a position. But now it was different. Here, in this far-away country, there wasn't a thing that he could wish for, except—yes, he knew, he wanted to be a little Midget prince.

So the king gave him a tiny silver trumpet and told him to blow three times. The first blast caused all the midgets to press their hands to their ears, but the second was not nearly so loud, and at the end of the third, Bobby found himself no larger than the others. A might shout arose—or at least it seemed mighty to them:

“Long live Prince Bobby of Midget-land!”

And so things went. One would have thought that Bobby should have been happy. And so he was all day long. But when dark came and Bobby tried to sleep he couldn't help but think of his mother, for Bobby was really like all other little boys..

He tried to think he wasn't homesick, and he told himself he wasn't going to be, but one night he decided he'd just have to go home, but how was he to get there. And then, he re-

membered he had two more wishes coming. So the next day he told the king he wanted to go home, and he then said good-bye to Midget-land.

Again the king gave him the little silver trumpet to blow, and he was soon a good-sized boy once more. Just as he stepped into the tub, with the same little goblins around the edge, he asked as his last wish to carry home with him the silver trumpet.

He had seen Midget-land for the last time and they were sailing along serenely, when suddenly there was a crash, and everything turned dark. Bobby felt himself falling, falling, falling, and the little silver trumpet was lost at the first jolt.

Then, as sudden as the crash had come, Bobby found himself sitting in the great armchair and rubbing his sleepy eyes. But Bobby smiled and, as if afraid to speak, breathed softly to himself:

"Prince Bobby of Midget-land, Southeast of Nowhere."

CRITICAL REVIEW

"AT THE DUNES"

By Howard M. Jones

The poem "At the Dunes" by Howard M. Jones, would be pleasing to those who like a spirit of loneliness and dreariness to come into their minds and thoughts, who enjoy wide reaching silences and wild shores free from the noise and disturbances of inhabited places.

The aim of the poem is to show us the barrenness and loneliness of a land of forever changing character and without human life.

The choice of words is peculiarly fitted to this subject being both suggestive and figurative, creating an impression of solitude and dreariness.

The rhythm of the poem suggests the regularity and easy run of the sand dunes and in every succeeding stanza the lonely and forbidding aspect of the dunes is forced upon one.

The effect of the poem on the reader is that of being outside the reach of friendly hands which are eager to draw him back from silence and exile into light, and joy in ineffectual striving for the unattainable mysteries of life overcomes him.

Esther Cook.

THE DESTROYER'S END

The moon her feeble rays has spent
And darkness shrouds the firmament,
Except where wan stars weakly shine
To prophesy the night's decline,
And herald morning's proud advance
Into the heaven's vast expanse.

Around the ocean darkly swells
In barren semblance of hills and dells,
And gently holds the shattered wreck,
And swirls about her bloodstained deck
On which the dead men thickly lay,
No more to see the break of day.
Short time before this battered boat
Was the proudest destroyer then afloat,
And oft before upon the wave
Sent other vessels to the grave.

But heavier guns than her's spoke,
And her iron heart within her broke.
Till now she wallows in the sea,
The vict'm of harsh fate's decree.
No more to scour the briny deep,
No more vict'rys proud to reap,
At last her fighting days are o'er
And men shall view her nevermore.
For the waters mount above her mast,
Neptune has claimed his own at last.
Leaving naught to mark her place
Upon the ocean's troubled face,
When Phoebus mounting in the east,
The morning hours once more released.

Ted Nowlin '18.

THE NEWSY

As I walked leisurely down the business street, not long ago, enjoying and inwardly remarking upon the variety of the many window decorations, I felt a tug at my coat, and turning was confronted with a newspaper thrust forcibly before me.

"Paper, Mister?" queried a voice. The speaker was a stocky, tanned-faced lad in a read sweater-cap and a plaid jacket pulled about his ears. Reading an expression of hesitancy on my countenance he added, with a grin, that it told "all about th' 'naug'ration of th' Pres'dent". He won his customer, and while he was changing my ten-cent piece, I had a short time to view him more closely. A slight smile, that

requisite of the true salesman, played with his mouth, which twitched at the corners, as if trying to force a laugh. Yet the seriousness of the employment held it in check.

With a "Thanks, Mister," he gave me the change and was gone, on the lookout for his next customer; and wherever a crowd was gathering, there he was. I thrust the paper into a pocket without glancing at the contents. That business smile, that quick understanding which he displayed in comprehending the situation I was in, held my mind. There, thought I, was a business man in embryo. How different from the ordinary newsboy, who merely calls up one street and down another, or stands on a street corner, expecting to be accosted for a paper. I should be interested, and feel sure that I could not be disappointed, if I should hear of that boy, later in life, a successful man of affairs. I know he would still possess that smile.

Paul Potter.

THE VILLAGE COBBLER

August Schuster was the village shoe-maker. He was a big, burly German, and had been a shoe-maker in the small town of Nyberg for over twenty years. The people, young as well as old, enjoyed taking their shoes to him, and having a pleasant visit. He was very jolly, and although he always had lots of work to do, was ever ready to stop his mending and talk. He would ask about the weather, the school, or tell you all about his new machines. The town, although small, had electric lights, and as Schuster believed in modern improvements, he had several electric machines. His latest purchase was an attachment for finishing up high heels to ladies' shoes. His shop was in the rear of a harness shop, and for many years, he and the harness-maker had worked in the same building, and remained the best of friends.

When the children came in after school, he always had a cheerful, "Wie gehts" to say to them. Or if some one remarked about the weather, he would always tell them about his house which came from Germany. "Ja, I sent for a little house so high, and it tells me the weather." In the house is an old woman, and two children, a boy and a little girl. When it is going to storm, the old lady comes out on the porch, and when it will be nice, the two children come out and the old lady stays in."

Among Schuster's daily visitors, were the members of the "Ananias Club", for that was what they were called. Several members of the club usually dropped in to the shop every afternoon. They always had many topics for discussion; of course, one prominent one being politics. Naturally Flory Pestle, a stingy old fellow, would talk about the high cost of living. He was very well off, but as is often the case, did not

believe in spending his hard earned money. The other members of the club could always joke John Schmollke about getting married, for as yet he was an old bachelor. Mr. Merrell, the Yankee, never tired of talking about Uncle Sam, and "when I was postmaster". For he had been the postmaster in that town for many years, until recently when the Democratic man had taken his place. Old George Schmidt would readily agree with Testle on the high cost of living, for had he not worked many years making wagons, and must he not now spend so much of it so foolishly? Mr. Quimby, old Uncle Joe, another member of the club, was a retired farmer, and purely American. So when Schuster, Schmollke and Schmidt became too sympathetic with the Germans, there followed very warm discussions. Yet on the whole these men of leisure in the small town, received much enjoyment from their club. They looked upon Schuster as one of their most important members, for if it were not for Schuster's shop, where would they meet? In return, he enjoyed the club, and greatly missed his friends when they did not hold their regular meetings. E. R. S. '17.



A LETTER

Dear Jim:

I hesitate to write to you for I fear the shock may prove too great. Let's see, it's been almost a year since I wrote you last, hasn't it? Well, the old town looks pretty much as it did when you were here, and life moves along in the same old rut. I think I am the only one of the old gang left. Charlie went to Annapolis last fall, Frank went to the border with the guards, you have gone to the wild and wooly west, while I am enjoying single blessedness in the old home town. But even I break loose and have an experience occasionally. "Listen, my child, and you shall hear."

About two weeks ago I thought I would take Miss—well, it doesn't matter who, out for a ride, so I cranked up my old nineteen tiner and went coughing down the street to her house. Of course, I had made some previous arrangements, and when, after the usual delay, we came out to the car, she didn't seem to notice that it belonged to the prehistoric age. I felt that I was going to have the time of my life.

As we went down the street we must have been a sight or made an awful noise or something, or perhaps it was the girl, for she sure was a dandy looking girl; anyway, everybody turned to look at us.

The sooner we could get into the country the better, we thought, and so I rushed her to the limit, the car I mean, and soon we were speeding along in the country, probably ten or twelve miles an hour, but that didn't matter, anyway she said that she liked to ride fast and that it was surely a great treat. I thought then that she talked with a great deal of enthusiasm, but now as I look back I can detect a touch of irony in her words.

About this time we came to a very steep hill; at least two or three per cent grade and my heart was nearly in my mouth, for as we neared the top, "Lizzie" began to show signs of deep distress and I feared we would not be able to reach the summit, besides I could not hear what Miss—well, never mind who—was saying, but finally I made out, "You have a high powered car, Bill". Poor kid, I pitied her ignorance for she evidently mistook the rattle of the fenders and the after-firing as symptoms of power, but, back to the story.

"Yes," said I, "she is some boat". Well, we got to the top and I felt relieved for I knew that now I would have smooth sailing the rest of the time.

We were going along finely, when all of a sudden something went wrong. I must have been pretty much interested in my companion because it was the first time I had ever failed to detect any approaching trouble. But, as I said, something went

wrong, and radically wrong, for she—the car—gave two loud coughs through the carburetor and stopped, yes, sir, absolutely ceased to move, on the level, at that.

"Thunder," I exclaimed and out I climbed. I lifted the bonnet and looked at the engine. "Nothing wrong here," I said. So I took her by the handle and turned her over. Nothing doing. I went around and monkeyed with her levers and things, then turned her over again, still nothing doing. Then I fooled with her levers some more, saw that the spark was right, so that I wouldn't get knocked into the middle of next week, and tried spinning her, but she gave no sign of ever having run or that she ever intended to. Then I spun her until I was breathless, but didn't get a kick.

Finally, though I hated to, I pulled off my coat and collar and spun her—spun her for ten minutes, but she didn't show a single sign of returning to this world's activities. I wished I had never seen a car, never seen a girl, even wished I had never been born. I wanted to say things but didn't dare to. Next, I crawled underneath but couldn't find anything to do except knock dirt in my eyes. I can't tell which irritated me the more, the car, or the girl sitting on the cushion humming, "He had to get under, get out and get under".

Just then, down the road came an eight-cylinder machine driven by that sportily dressed stuck-up dandy, the banker's son.

Would Miss—as I said before, her name doesn't matter—like a lift home? Of course she would and she did. Well, I did get mad then but I tried not to show it.

"Goodbye, Bill," she said. "I have to get home to my work, you know."

I didn't say anything to her, but strange to say as soon as she was gone I felt better, for then I could and did express my feelings. I sat down and talked to the old car awhile, then got up and screwed off her boiler cap. The irrigating system was as dry as a bone, and not a stream or well in sight. I soon found a puddle of water, none too clean, but nevertheless water; filled the radiator, spun her and, say, she started like a bird. Well, I didn't lose any time heading her for town, nor did I fail to come down heavy on the accelerator. The old car ran like she was scared.

Soon I saw ahead of me, the banker's car standing in the middle of the road, and when I got up to it, I saw the banker's son on his back under the car and my erstwhile companion sitting stonily in the seat. I slowed down but didn't stop and as I passed I whistled a few bars of "He had to get under, get out and get under".

When I got home Sister started into kid me. "Where's the next time, Bill?" she asked. Poor kid, she didn't mean any

harm, but I was still mad. I glared at her a minute, then growled, "It's none of your blamed business, but I'll tell you just to give you something to think about—there ain't going to be no next time, I'm wise".

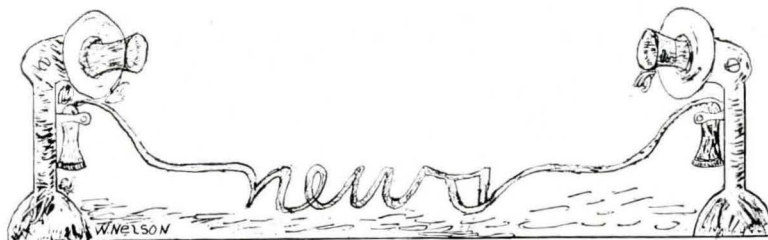
Well, maybe I am and maybe I'm not. I've half a mind to try it again soon. The old ark is working fine now. Anyway, so long, Jim.

Your old pal, Bill.

Bernard Irwin '17.

I sit in the door as the twilight creeps
And down in the grass the cricket leaps,
Far off in the gray blue fog
Comes the croak of the weary frog,
And the sweet notes of the bird in the nest
Soothing the little ones to rest.
The flowers about whisper a soft good night,
Closing their eyes till the morning light.
The cattle low in the far off lane,
And the distant dove tells of coming rain.
Then all is quiet and peace and rest,
As tho' the great world were asleep in a nest.
Then slyly a shy little star peeps out,
Wondering what the quiet is all about.
She calls her sisters to come and look
At the sleeping flowers and the murmuring brook.
They all look down with a reverent air,
And call out their comrades waiting there.
Each takes a place where she best may guard
This vast, unsuspecting, sleeping yard.
Till the sun appears in the eastern skies,
Bidding the world to open her eyes.
Then one by one, their vigil o'er,
They slip away to be seen no more.

Ina Reins.



FRESHMEN PARTY

A Freshmen party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steffy February ninth. A very pleasant evening was spent with games and music. "Eats" were served by the refreshment committee at the close of the evening. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Steffy and Miss Turner. All the "preps" present voted the party a great success.

CLASS NEWS

English 4 classes which are taking "Julius Caesar" dramatized one act of it some time ago. All the characters worked with much zeal on their parts, making the play a grand success. As costumes were unavailable, the audience did their part in using their imaginations and entered into the spirit of the play, which was so much enjoyed that it has been decided to dramatize the remaining acts.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Sophomore class have arranged to give a party in the gymnasium on St. Patrick's Day. The persons connected in any way with the affair are striving to make it a success. All Sophomores are invited and urged to attend.

PATRIOTIC PROGRAM

A patriotic program was given February 23 in honor of our two national heroes. The program was divided into two parts, the first being devoted to George Washington, and the last to Abraham Lincoln. The program is as follows:

Song—High School.

High School Orchestra.

Dramatization, Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill—Josephine Wilkinson, Betty Hodson.

Washington's Ideas on an Army—Dudley Sherman.

An estimate Washington-Jefferson—Inez Cretsinger.

Girls' Glee Club.

Gettysburg Speech—Carvel Caine.

The Perfect Tribute—Dorothy Harriman.

Patriotic Drill—Girls' Gymnasium Class.

America—High School.

SENIOR TROUBLES

The American History classes have been very busy of late. One morning in class, it was announced that for their "How to Study" examination, the Seniors would be required to write a theme on the Monroe Doctrine, eight hundred words in length. This was rather sudden, to say the least, and succeeded in terrifying our dignified Seniors, who hitherto had always been equal to any occasion. They were inclined to "balk" when this was first announced but soon decided that this was no time for argument and immediately set to work. For six long days, nights too, the poor Seniors toiled over this same report. The library became a popular place of resort and during this time, the chief subject of thought and conversation among the Seniors was the "Monroe Doctrine". So when they, on the sixth day, handed in their reports, they expected an easy time for a while. But, imagine their consternation and surprise when, on the eighth day, it was announced that they would be expected to write another theme. This one was to be on "The Methods" used in writing their former theme and must contain five hundred words. Indeed, this was almost too much to bear, but the Seniors, with their usual fortitude, soon rallied and obediently set to work, so that before the end of the period, each and everyone had his second report in.

On March 19, the Seniors will have to have their semester reports ready and they are fondly hoping, that after that the teachers will decide to be a little easier on them and let them recover from their strenuous work of the past few weeks.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE

As a part of the Literary work the classes of Ames High School held a debating contest last month. The question debated was, Resolved, that our National Defenses should be strengthened. In the Junior-Senior debate, the Seniors were victorious, and in the Freshman-Sophomore debate upon the same question, the Freshmen won.

The two winning teams, the Seniors and the Freshmen, then contested for championship. The final contest was held in the High School Auditorium at a general Literary program.

Although the judges claimed the Senior team the champion of the High School, a great deal of credit should be given to the Freshmen team as their good work merited it.

The teams are as follows:

Senior—Ruby Wasser, Claude Scarbrough, Mabel Hall.

Junior—Edward Judge, Edith Wallis, Orvil Apland.

Sophomore—Gifford Terry, Lydia Tilden, Marie Mortensen.

Freshman—Alfred Carleton, Leslie Gray, Winfred Crabbs.

JUNIOR BOB PARTY

The old saying, "Haste makes waste," failed to affect the Junior bob party on February 19th. The Juniors, known perhaps, as the most spirited class of Ames High, decided Monday morning that the following evening would be a very desirable time for an ever popular bob ride.

The joy seekers met at the school building about seven-thirty o'clock and the ride in the country was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Very appropriate refreshments were served at the home of Barclay Noble, the oyster soup, especially, being very acceptable to all.

After lunch, readings were given by Martha Lesan and Thelma Smith, the latter being a former student of A. H. S. Josephine Wilkinson, a Senior, admirably praised the Juniors' spirit in a speech. Everyone departed feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

On Wednesday, February 21, the preliminary declamatory contest was held in a special assembly. There were seventeen participants in this contest. Out of these seventeen contestants, nine, consisting of the three best in each class, the oratorical, the dramatic, and the humorous, were chosen. Lester Johnson, Ward Grogan and William Nelson won out in the oratorical division; Ruby Wasser, Martha Lesan and Ina Reins, in the dramatic, and Gertrude Carter, Georgina Kirkham and Hazel Taylor in the humorous. These nine will take part in another contest to be held on Thursday afternoon, March 8, from which the winner over all will be chosen. This person will go to Jefferson to represent Ames High in the sub-district contest and if he wins there, he will go on to the state contest. The contest was a lively one and was very much enjoyed by the students, particularly as it lasted all afternoon and they were not required to go to classes. The contestants all did well and it was very hard for the judges to decide which were the best. However, we are sure, that the winner over all, who is chosen from this material, will be so good that he will win out at Jefferson and also at the state contest.

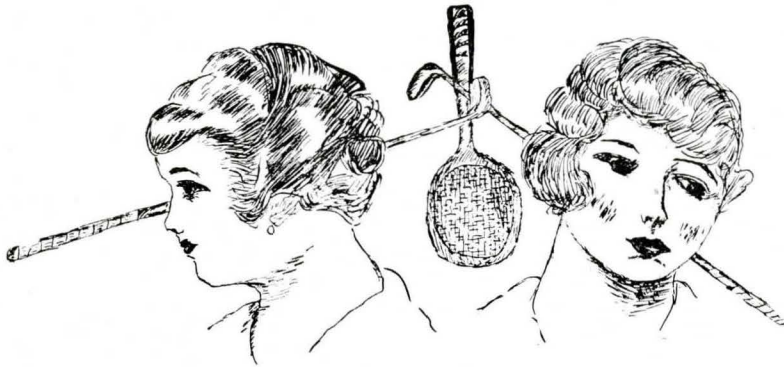
ASSEMBLIES

The High School students were very pleasantly entertained one afternoon in Assembly when Mr. Ross Crane of the Art Institute in Chicago gave us a short talk. He was here, in charge of the art exhibit in the High School Gymnasium, and so explained several famous pictures to us. His talk, although rather short, was very interesting and entertaining and it is rumored that he even made some of our serious-minded students smile a bit.

ART EXHIBIT

The High School Gymnasium was a very popular place a few days last month, due to the fact that the Womens' Federated Club succeeded in bringing an Art Exhibit to Ames, and this was held in our Gymnasium. The exhibit was fine and a great interest was manifested in it by both the town people and the students. In fact, some of the students were so interested that they made use of the janitor's room, in order to be able to see these paintings. We are sure that we have been benefited by this exhibit and we hope to put some of our new ideas into practice and be able to see the artistic and beautiful even in our school work.





SUSPENDED

Beginning January 1, 1917, and extending to January 1, 1918, Ames High will experience a condition which has never existed in the history of the school, namely, a suspension from the "State High School Athletic Association".

This has come as a great blow to the backers of the "Orange and Black" as well as to the alumni and all those concerned in the welfare and success of the athletic department of A. H. S. It comes at a time when athletics at Ames High was just finding a secure footing and at a time when we were beginning to command the respect of the largest and strongest organized schools of the state.

It is true that we have boasted some powerful football teams in the past, but then at the same time the basketball teams were equally weak. This year, however, besides having an exceptionally strong eleven, we had also a deserving quintet and the prospects for the following season were even brighter. But law is law, the inevitable has come, we have unconsciously violated the laws of the association and must therefore suffer the consequences.

We are well aware of the fact that Eagle Grove is responsible for our suspension, for it was they who filed the complaint. Now why does Eagle Grove treat us with such disrespect? Why does she interest herself so deeply in an affair which has not affected her in the least? We did not play an ineligible player against her, but whipped her in a fair and square way, and if Eagle Grove cannot take a defeat in a friendly and respectful way, she certainly cannot be rated as a true sport.

However, we are not peeved at the suspension, and are willing to abide by the decision with all due respect to the Board of Control. Coach Thompson is at work arranging a schedule far more elaborate than the one which had already been made out, and as the suspension forbids any members of the associa-

tion from playing games with us, our next season games will be played outside the state.

Ames 24—Indianola 20

Of all the games played thus far, this one outshone them all, for it was fast and clean from start to finish and there is little doubt but that the large crowd which witnessed the contest got their money's worth.

Both teams were evenly matched and both guarded exceptionally well.

The game was featured throughout by spectacular basket shooting in which Hammond played the leading role.

Dunlap played a stellar game at guard, while Cline was the main spoke in the Indianola wheel.

Ames		Indianola
Innes	F.....	Cline
Lerdall	F.....	Graves
	F.....	Morlan
Hammond	C.....	Hickman
McCarty	G.....	Piffer
Dunlap	G.....	Lippincott

Summary—Field goals: Hammond 6; Innes 3; Dunlap 1; Lerdall 2; Cline 6; Graves 1; Nichols 1.

Free throws—Cline 4 out of 6.

Ames 28—Dallas Center 23

Again we went, again we saw, and again we conquered.

Due to the slippery condition of the floor, this game was slow and ragged throughout. Only once before had Dallas Center been whipped on their home floor and for a while our chances for repeating the trick looked decidedly small.

Up until the last ten minutes of play they were leading 21-12, but suddenly luck changed and things began to happen thick and fast. Innes slipped in a couple from a difficult angle, McCarty caged a couple of long ones, Hammond dropped in three or four and, bang! the game was over and the "Orange and Black" were the victors.

Ames		Dallas Center
Innes	F.....	Denton
Ricketts	F.....	Carris
Lerdall	F.....	Hicks
Hammond	C.....	Burkett
McCarty	G.....	Grossman
Dunlap	G.....	Brenton

Summary—Field goals: Hammond 7; Ricketts 2; Innes 2; McCarty 2; Lerdall 1; Denton 5; Burkett 4; Carris 1; Brenton 1.

Free throws—Denton 1 out of 3.

Ames 15—Algona 27

After the Dallas Center game, all eyes were turned toward the game with the state football champions, for they were known to have a strong quintet. And so they did, for they broke our winning streak by trimming us 15-27. However, the locals were clearly off form, garnering only four baskets in the entire contest. The condition of the floor also helped defeat the home team as there were no outside lines. Dunlap was the only man playing his usual game and time after time broke up the Algona offense.

Ames		Algona
Innes	F.....	Nugent
Lerdall	F.....	Coane
Hammond	C.....	Cotton
McCarty	G.....	Dailey
Dunlap	G.....	Momeyer
	G.....	Holsbar

Summary—Field goals: McCarty 2; Innes 1; Hammond 1; Cotton 5; Crane 4; Nugent 2.

Free throws—Hammond 7 out of 14; Crane 4 out of 9; Nugent 1 out of 3.

JUNIORS WIN SECOND TEAM SERIES

With the playing of the Freshman-Junior game the inter-class basketball games were brought to a successful close.

The Seniors salted away the first team title, while the Juniors won the second team series.

Freshmen 10—Seniors 2

The Freshmen had little difficulty in trimming the Seniors, allowing them to register but one basket.

Taylor starred for the Freshmen and Shull for the Seniors.

Summary—Field goals: Taylor 5; Shull 1.

Sophomores 3—Seniors 16

This game proved to be the most interesting of the series. Although the Sophs. were overwhelmingly smothered, it was not because of their inferior knowledge of basketball but rather because they did not have as many horseshoes as the Seniors.

Anderson and Byrnes were the mainstays of the Sophs. while Belknap, Shull, Crosby and Mathre were the point winners for the Seniors.

Summary—Field goals: Belknap 3; Shull 2; Crosby 2; Mathre 1; Byrnes 1. Free throws: Byrnes 1.

Freshmen 6—Juniors 8

The Juniors met some pretty stiff opposition when they coupled with the Freshmen and the race for victory was neck and neck.

Summary—Field goals: Taylor 1; Watson 1; O'Brien 1; Noble 1; Apland 1; Belknap 2.



NEWS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS

Burlington has established a cafeteria for its High School students. A course in printing has also been established. Burlington's rifle club ranks third among those of the High Schools of the United States.

The Juniors of Mankato High of Minnesota had a vaudeville night of which a clever two-act farce entitled, "Margery Makes Good," was the principal number. The German class gave folk dances; "The Dance of the Goops" and "The Warbling Kids" were the other numbers. The Retail Merchants' Association of Mankato decided not to advertise in the Senior Annual, but the Seniors are not quitters and are going ahead in spite of this financial burden. The Senior class of this school will give a play entitled "Hurry Hurry Hurry".

Iowa City High School at present ranks first among schools of the United States in the rifle association. The Juniors are preparing a class play. Seems to be the custom. Should Ames follow suit?

READ OUR EXCHANGES

"The Purple and Gray of Burlington is a newsy weekly sheet running over with pep. Read it. It's interesting.

"The Otaknam" of Mankato, Minnesota, is a large live weekly paper which reflects the pride and life of the High

School. We'll be glad when our paper can become such a weekly. It's up to you, students, to boost for a weekly.

"The Boomer" of El Reno, Oklahoma, is a real paper from a many-sided school.

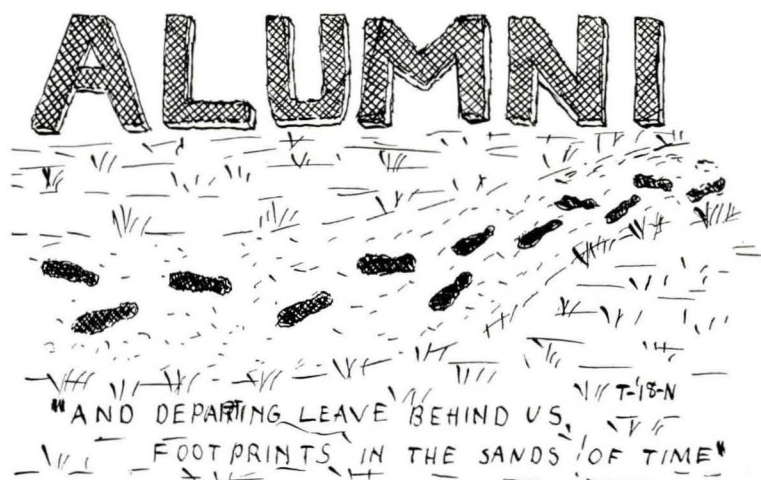
"The Red and White" of Iowa City will interest most because it is a newsy sheet with interesting reports of athletic contests.

"The Newtonia" from Newton is running over with jokes. You all like to laugh, so why not read it?

"The Philo Phonograph" of Sac City, is a bright little paper that should be read by the English students.

"The Orange and Black" of East Waterloo is a work of art with enough jokes to make things interesting.

"The O" of Oskaloosa is a live paper with enough boosters behind it to allow it to send over seventy exchanges.



Phylis Summers '16 is in Florida with her father, who is very much improved in health. A friend has given them the use of a launch.

Dorothy Summers '15 is working in a munition plant near Montreal, Canada.

Marjorie Summers '13 is finishing her nurse's training in Micheal Riese Hospital, Chicago.

Gladys Sparks is working in the Extension Department at the college.

Seaman Knapp '05 has been appointed cashier of the Union National Bank to succeed C. L. Siverly, who was made president.

Edna Pammel '06 has been training the contestants for the local high school declamatory contest.

Ada Hayden '04, who has taught for a number of years in the Botany Department at I. S. C., has recently resigned and is spending some time with her uncle in Texas.

Velda Rowland '06 is working in the Highway Commission office at the college.

George Clark '05 is Statistician in the office of White Weld & Co. of Boston, Mass. George was captain of the '04 football team.

Miss Myrtle Lanning '87 has been spending several weeks in the West. Miss Lanning is enjoying a leave of absence.

Prof. and Mrs. Wallis '04 announce the arrival of a son. Aunt Edith '18 can give a glowing account of the baby's wonderful qualities.

Mrs. Kate Goble Gray '95 has recently come from California to accept a position in the Ames Savings Bank.

Margaret Begelon Hamilton '87 of Seattle, Wash., has been visiting in Ames the past few weeks.

Hermine Knapp '10 has accepted a position in the H. E. C. of the state college of Rhode Island. Hermine was at Columbia with Ruth Cessna '06.

Edith George Warner '02 is principal of the high school at Humboldt, Iowa.

Mable Campbell '01, is the head of the H. E. C. Dept. of the State College of Rhode Island.

Max Hardin is now attending school at the University of Syracuse.

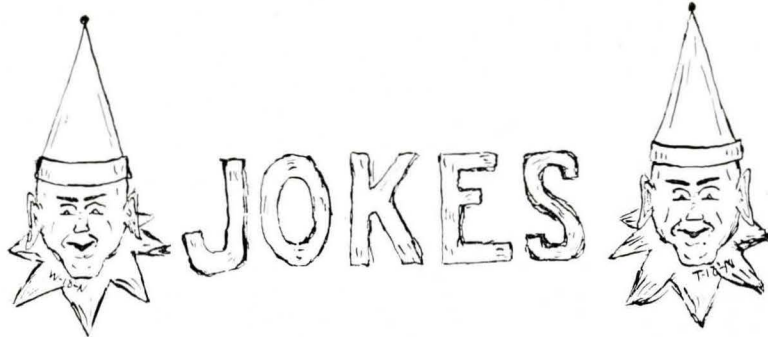
Dr. Robert Ricketts is a veterinarian at Zeoring, Iowa.

Jennings Bauge '08, is in the shoe business with his father.

Earl Kooser is now working as clerk for the city of Ames.

The first class to graduate from Ames High was in 1878. There were two members given diplomas at the graduation exercises. They were namely, Mr. A. B. Maxwell and Mr. J. J. Grove both of Ames. Mr. Maxwell is now a prominent citizen of Ames, taking part in the city's various affairs. Mr. Grove was operating a grocery store until recently, when he retired. He, also, has taken very prominent part in the affairs and government of our city.

The next class to graduate was in 1880. In this class there were seven members, none of whom have made their home in Ames. They are scattered all over the United States. One is located in San Jose, Cal., while another is located in Detroit, Mich. The rest of the classes range in number from twelve to sixty. The class of '17 will be the largest class graduated from the institution.



SPIRIT SPASMS

Basketball player to Coach Thompson at Toledo: "Say, Thompson, are pancakes healthy?"

Mr. Thompson: "I don't know; I never heard of one being sick."

Miss Thornburg: "Our next bird study will be on cranes and other long legged birds."

Freshie: "Does that include Ross Crane?"

Billie Mc.: "Oh, Keokuk!"

Us: "What's Keokuk?"

Billie: "The biggest dam in all the world."

Wanted: A girl for Sunday evenings. Ted Russell and Earl Elliott.

Robert W. (trying vainly to explain a problem to Harold G.)—"You're the biggest mutt I ever saw."

Miss Gates: "Boys, be careful, I am here."

Harold Crosby translating German: "The man broke out in intervals."

Miss Sprague: "Rose, how do you think they'll ever pay for this terrible war?"

Miss Johnson: "Well, they'll either have to Hock der Kaiser, or sell 'The Watch on the Rhine'."

Miss Thornburg: "How would you stop bleeding if you could not locate the artery?"

Barbara Wench: "Stop the heart."
(A sure cure, we claim.)

Ward Grogan: "Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

The School (in unison): "That's nothing, the first time we saw you, we laughed all over."

"Miss Fickel nearly had a fit yesterday."

"Good, how'd it happen?"

"A Soph. said to her, 'If I had knowed you wanted to gone, I'd saw you'd got to went.'"

Ted Russell, giving sight translation in German: "Thick tears ran over his back."

(Something new.)

Isabel Valentine: "I think that poem about the 'Shepherd and His Love' is kind of modern, because that's the way men do now. They promise you a lot of things like that, and then, it's kind of coaxing, too."

(We wonder if she speaks from experience.)

"Did you hear the noise in room six this morning?"

"No, what was it?"

"The English class falling down on their assignments."

Student to Ralph Ross, who has shooting with a rubber band:

"What are you shooting, Ross?"

Ralph: "Beans."

Student: "Bet you're shooting 'Rice'."

(So do we.)

MERELY A DITTY

Latin always worries me,
English has been worse;
But when early Monday morning
They ask me to write verse,
That's the limit!
My kind old muse
Has never been
About in the morning light;
He works the best when
The world's at rest—
At night.
So, if my "pome" fails
To balance,
If my plot is poorly laid,
Remember that world old saying,
"Poets are born, not made".

SERIOUS ILLNESS IN "SPIRIT" STAFF!

It is with the deepest of sorrow, and the shedding of many "weeps", that we are compelled to make known the serious illness of one of the most beloved members of our staff, Miss Sally Simperts. She has been overcome by a serious attack of "lovesickness", and her condition is so critical, that little hope is held for her recovery, unless some wonderful inspiration should come to her, before the publishing of the next "Spirit". Without this, we fear that the reaper Death will come, and tear our loved one away from us. We are all waiting breathlessly in the hope that she will recover soon, and take her place among us, as of old.

POPULAR SONGS ADAPTED TO A. H. S. STUDENTS

Francile Waitley—"I've Got the Army Blues."

Ted Russell—"It's An Awful Thing Not to Know Where You Are."

Vera Crosby—"The Glad Girl."

Donald Soper—"Wedding Bells are Calling Me."

Neva Snook—"I Need Some Pickles."

Douglas Waitley—"In My Beloved's Eyes."

Ione Rice—"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."

Helen Watson—"At Last I've Won Somebody's Heart."

Edward Rutherford—"You'll Always be the Same Sweet Baby."

Dorothy Harriman—"You're A Dangerous Girl."

Hap McCarty—"You Have to Have A Part to Make A Hit."

Geraldine Pratt—"Pray for the Lights to Go Out."

Earl Elliott—"I've Joined the Circus, Boys."

Kathryn Allan—"Some Girls Will

and

Dorothy Proctor—"Some Girls Won't."

Harold Loughran—"Sooner or Later."

LeRoy Apland—"I Love Not One but All."

Joe Anderson—"I Can Tell from the Way You Dance, Dear."

Edith Wallis—"Poor Butterfly."

Bill Ricketts—"If You Only had My Disposition."

George Dunlap—"One Who Will Understand."

Isabelle Valentine—"I'm Looking for Someone's Heart."

Ralph Ross—"You're the Only Girl for Me."

Dorothy Oliver—"Charms are Fairest When They're Hidden."

Jay Elliott—"I Love My Teacher."

Ruby Wasser—"Isn't It Great to be Married?"

?

I don't dare mention to you her name,
But you all know her just the same,
She's very strict and will give you a call,
If you try to read stories in the study hall.

If you have any new ideas, or hear any jokes, don't fail to bring them in. It's not much trouble for you, and it means a lot to us. The success of this department depends largely upon the assistance which you give, through the joke box. Your efforts are always appreciated, and we can't have too many good jokes.

GERMAN POETRY?

Ich weis nicht wasz soll es bedeuten
Dasz ich should sit on a pin,
Und der funniest thing about iten
Are, the point was pointing in.
(See the point? No, of course you don't it's in us already.)

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THE SPIRIT



VOL. VI

MAY, 1917

No. 5

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(May)

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Spirit.

n

To SARAH LEURA CLARK

*In appreciation of the fact that
she has given to each of us that
which we have so much needed—
friendship, the class of nineteen
hundred seventeen dedicates this
Senior number of "The Spirit".*



THE SPIRIT ANNUAL

Vol. VI

MAY, 1917

No. 5

Published yearly by the Students in the Interest of Ames High
50 cents a copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Assistant Business Manager	- - -	Lyle McCarty, '18

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Freshman	- - -	Fred Jones, '20

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Vera Crosby, '17	Kathryn Allan, '17
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EDITORIAL

The goal, for which the members of the Class of 1917 have been striving so faithfully, has at last loomed up out of the mists and with the passing of the four years has come the end of the high school days for them and the close of one of the happiest periods of their life.

We hope that although with a feeling of regret they leave to mingle in the great business world, or to seek further learning, they will take with them a fond remembrance of their

Alma Mater and resolve, that, as in time, other interests come to claim them they will still reserve a small place in their minds, where the pleasant memories of their high school days can still linger.

And as true and loyal sons and daughters of Ames High they will ever be ready to defend her name with the same spirit that they showed, while within her familiar walls. May this book be the means, in future years, by which the Seniors of 1917 may once more live over those pleasant days which they spent with their classmates. May they laugh once more over the jokes and deeds of the class.

Although this annual is devoted principally to the interests of the Class of 1917, we hope that the three under classes may find something of interest within its covers. And as we leave, we will intrust the welfare of the school to their hands and may they ever keep not only "The Spirit" but the traditional spirit of Ames High alive.

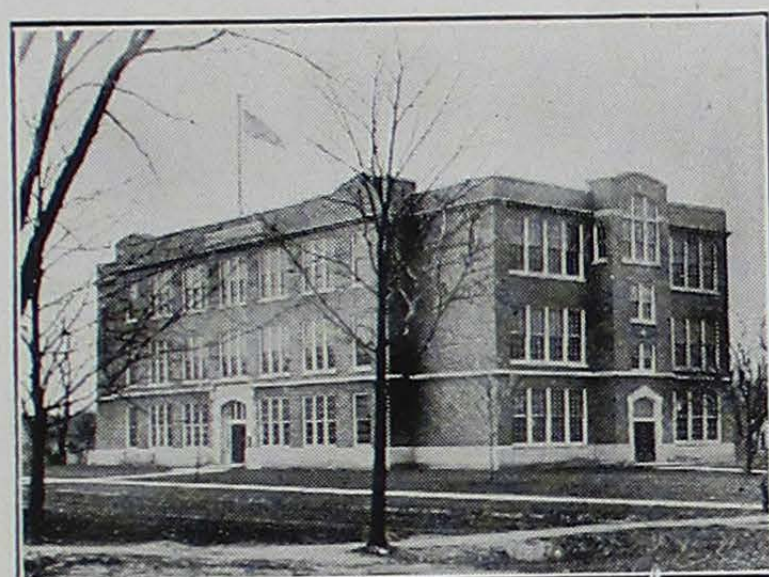
HISTORY OF THE "SPIRIT"

In the fall of 1912, a noble and notable council of dignified Seniors of the '12 class, met to discuss the feasibility of publishing a school paper. Of course, the faculty all scoffed at the very idea but nevertheless this brave committee continued their noble work. Finally they succeeded in overruling the faculty and they gave their consent to the publication.

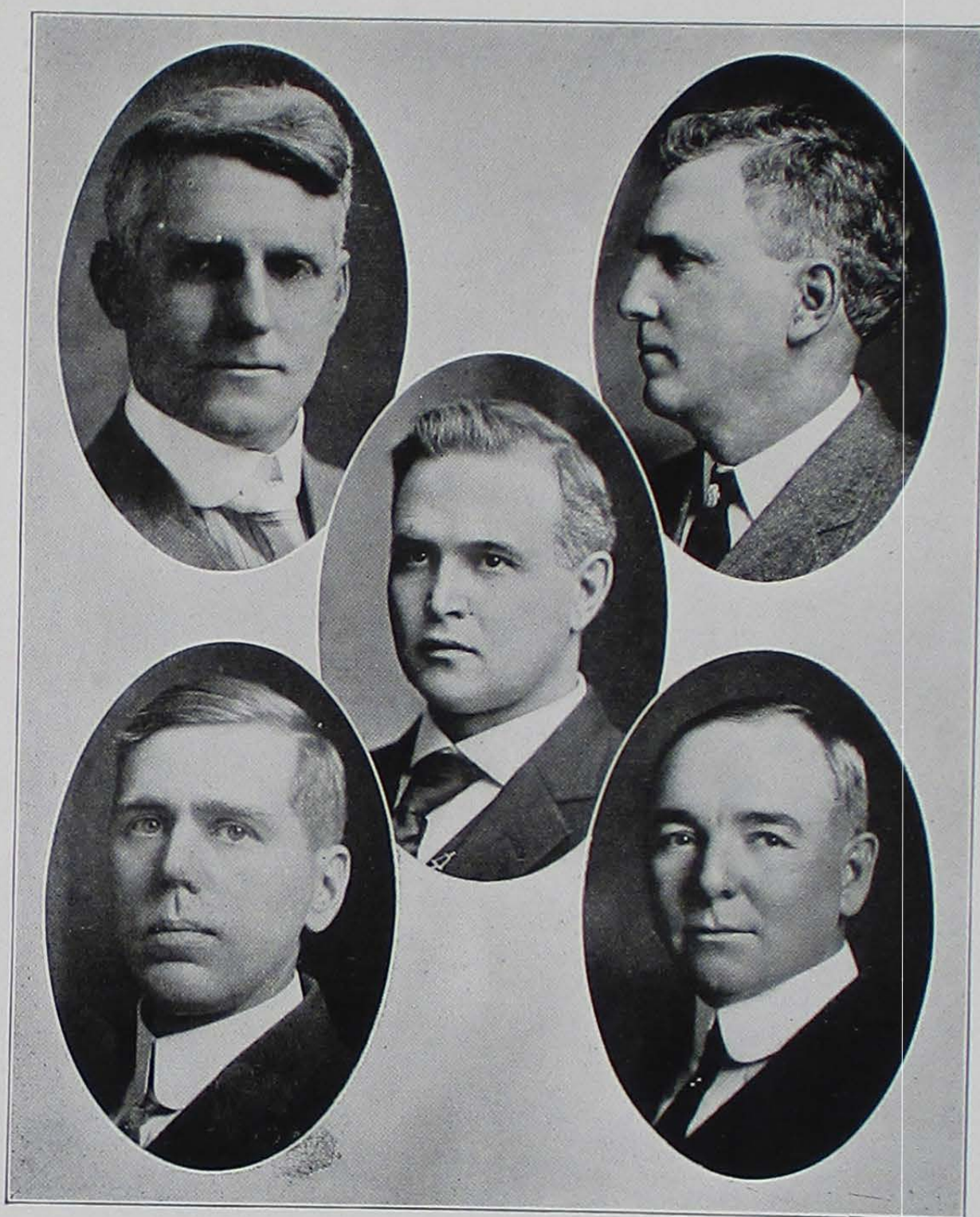
After a month or more of strenuous labor, the worthy staff put out the first "Spirit." The first staff consisted of a good many brilliant A. H. S. students: Editor-in-chief, Paul Storm; Literary Editor, Ada Cameron; Art Editor, Leonard Wallis; Business Manager, Clair Taylor; Assistant Manager, Glen Muir. Besides these notables several others rendered their valuable services on different committees. There appeared three numbers besides the annual and they met with success. The faculty one and all decided they were entirely wrong and that they no longer were with a "one horse" town but with a town with real, live, ambitious students.

However, the "Spirit" had one dark year and that was during 1913. Possibly on account of the lack of ambition the "Spirit" was almost lost. But the class of '14 took up the work with renewed vigor and set to work to make it a grand success and their efforts were not in vain for the annual of 1914 was worthy of a great deal of praise.

From year to year the "Spirit" has been increasing in size and force and we sincerely hope that this year has not lowered the standard but raised it, at least a little higher than the preceding years.







BOARD OF EDUCATION

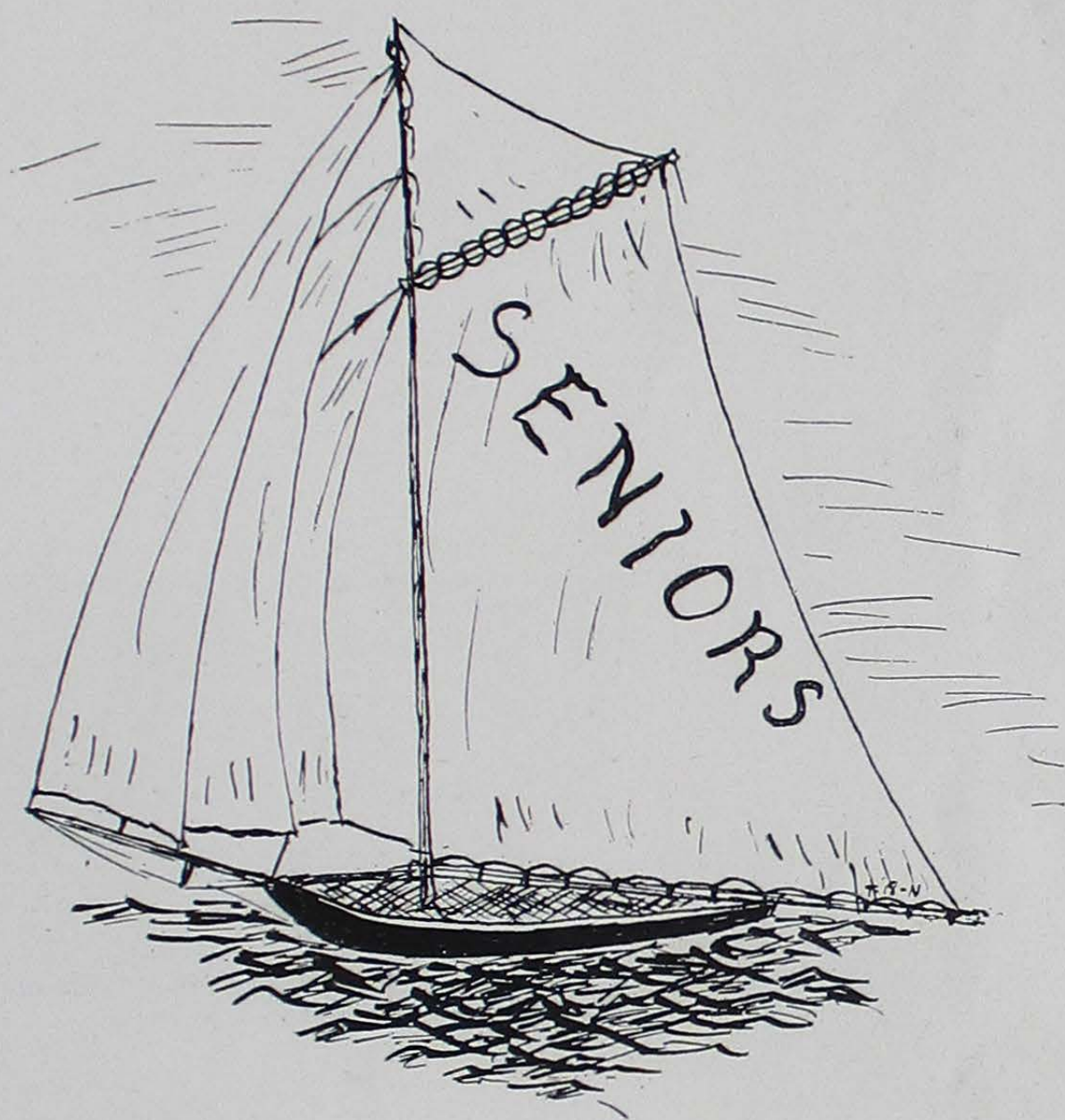
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WILLIE OLSAN, "Bill"

Senior Class President, Senior Class Play.
Blessings on thee good old scout.



KATHRYN ALLAN, "Kath"

Senior Class Play.
Not only does she speak with her eyes,—her lips,
her feet speak.



BERNICE BANKS, "Red"

Like the candle that throws its beams upon the
world, so she shines.



DOROTHY BEAM

Senior Class Play.
Always the same and always happy. Loves ex-
citement and has all sorts of friends.



BLANCHE BENTLY

Girls' Glee Club.
One whom the Gods endowed with that rare
gift—music?

GLENN BUTE

Debating Team, Y. M. C. A.
Mystery veils his past.

GERTRUDE CARTER, "Gert"

Senior Class Play, Declamatory Contest. Winner of Humorous Class.
A jolly girl, and a good friend. Also the possessor of a gold piece, just because she can make us laugh.

ESTHER COOK

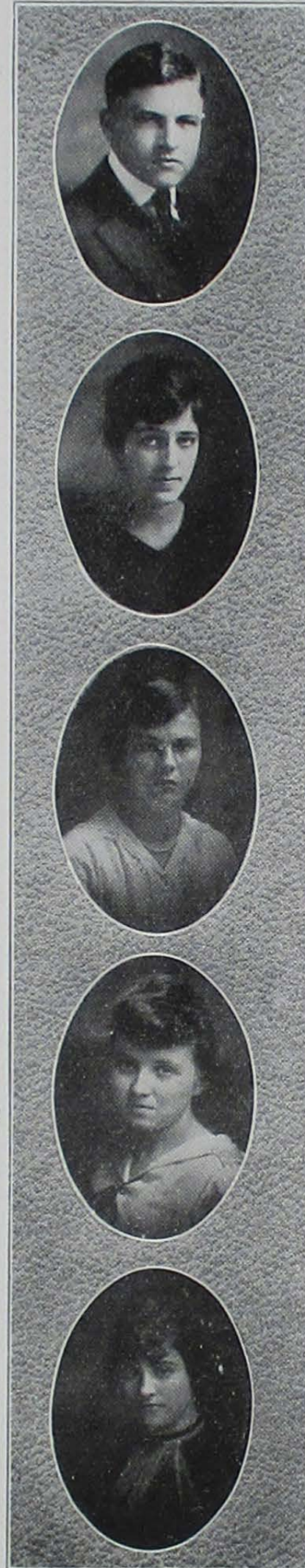
Senior Class Play.
Talkative and jolly, likes friends, and has them.

EDNA CRAUN

Girls' Glee Club.
intelligent questions.
Never seen without Julia. Is noted for asking

INEZ CRETSINGER, "Cret"

Manly beauty maketh my heart groww faint.





HAROLD CROSBY

Football, Y. M. C. T., Senior Class Play.
Once had a "ripping" good time in German class.



VERA CROSBY

Senior Class Play, Gold Medal in Typewriting.
Good nature shines from her eyes, words flow from her lips, and English classes marvel.



HELEN CURTISS, "Curt"

Senior Class Play.
Not on the roll with we common folk.



LEONARD DEAL, "Gabby"

"Spirit" Staff, Football.
So happy himself that he has to cheer others by being a clown.



KATHERINE DODDS

Glee Club.
Often seen but never heard, except in the glee club.

CARNE DUNKLE

Class Basketball.
Likes to "fuss" the girls but never gets any place.

ROSCOE DVORACK

Football, Basketball.
Doesn't play in the band but toots his own horn.

JAY ELLIOTT, "Jake"

Football, Basketball.
Quite Pro-German.

VERNE EWING

Class Basketball.
Quiet, except when he talks or laughs.

LUCINDA FOSTER, "Lucy"

Pleasure she seeks and finds it in the little things of life.





CLARA GILCHRIST

Unassuming yet true. One who is well worth knowing.



WARD GROGAN, "Red"

Declamatory Contest, Winner in Oratorical Class.
Has ideas that are as bright as his hair.



NELLY GUISE

Demure, modest, and discreet.



MABEL HALL

Senior Class Play, Girls' Glee Club.
Straightforward and sure in her own mind.
Might make a good "schoolma'am".



HARLAN HARPER

Y. M. C. A.
A mighty good man for such a little one.

ETHEL HUNTER

Declamatory Contest.
Says her name is Marie but we call her Ethel.
Would rather talk than study, in study periods,
seems very much interested in the outer world.

BERNARD IRWIN

Y. M. C. A., Debate.
"Friends" with the boys and "chums" with the girls.

GLADYS IRWIN

The kind of a girl you would go to for sympathy or advice.

FLOYD LERDALL, "Smilie"

Varsity Football, Basketball, Senior Class Play,
Secretary of Senior Literary Society.
Would be the most popular boy in school if he wasn't so faithful to his foreign girl.

ALICE MCCARTHY

Just a good friend to all.





GAIL METTLEN, "Peg"

Loves to stir up argument with her teachers, but is never convinced?



JOSIE MORELAND

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.



ARDYS MUNSINGER, "Art"

"Julius Caesar was a great man, and Augustus Caesar, too. But of all the great Caesars, I think my Caesar best,—don't you?"



ELMER MATHRE

Y. M. C. A.

Silent and faithful. Sure to make good.



FLOYD MABIE

Football, Class Basketball.

Left school to fight for his country with a gun if possible, but anyway with a hoe.

LESTER MORAVETS

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Lives of editors all remind us,
That their lives are not sublime;
For they have to work like thunder
To get the "Spirit" out on time.

FLORENCE NELSON

Declamatory Contest.
Gaze into her eyes and you'll see a little angel;
gaze into them longer and you'll see a little imp.

PRESTON NILES

Y. M. C. A.
Work is life to me; and when I am no longer
able to work, life will be a heavy burden.

DOROTHY PROCTOR, "Proc"

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Has many bright ideas and always tells about
them.

PAUL POTTER

Y. M. C. A., Football, Class Basketball, Senior
Class Play Business Manager.
Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.





CHARLES RICHTER, "Chas."

There is nothing that becomes a man so well as modest stillness.



TED RUSSELL

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Would just as soon talk to Ada Sprague as to any of the other girls.



IONE RICE

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Always ready for a good time and simply loves scandal. But for all this gets wonderful grades and we hate to see her go.



LOIS SLOCUM

Girls' Glee Club, "Spirit" staff.
Soulful black eyes that reflect a happy disposition.



ETHELDA SWARTWOOD

A quiet demure lassie, whose thoughts seldom stray from her studies.

FRANK SOWERS

Senior Class Play, Senior Class Play Property Manager.
When in the course of human weaknesses it becomes necessary to bluff, let us bluff.

EARL SHULL

We "shull" miss him.

CLAUDE SCARBOROUGH

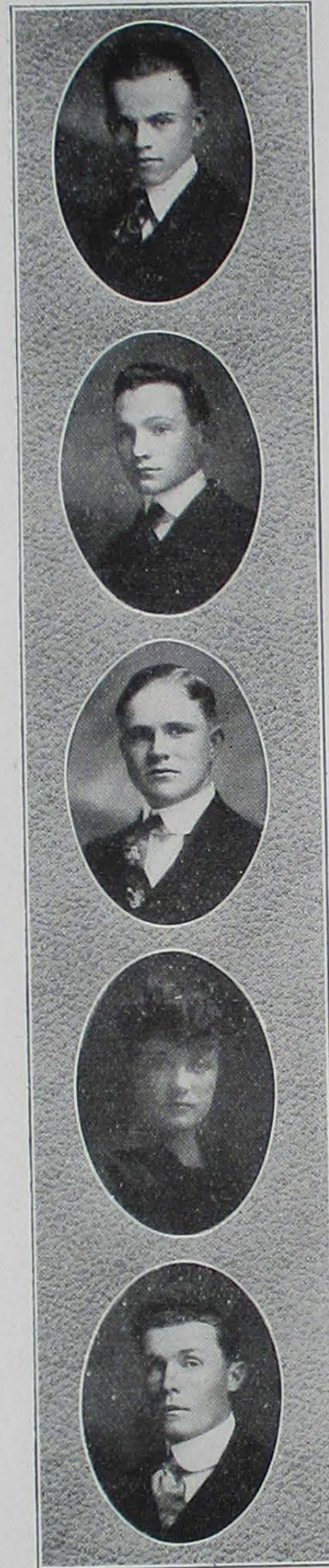
Y. M. C. A.
Health and happiness mutually beget each other.

LOELLA SMITH

Laughter bubbles from her lips and all the world wonders "why".

DUDLEY SHERMAN

In these trying times—proud of his ancestry.





EVELYN TRIPP, "Trip"

A diminutive maid, her shadow is "Less".



LYDIA TAYLOR

Lydia never has moods, but is a quiet and consistent worker.



RUBY WASSER

"Spirit" staff, President Senior Literary Society, Declamatory Contest, Senior Class Play. High grades, honors, and the affection of Ames High are the just portion of this loyal defender of the Orange and Black.



HELEN WATSON

Senior Class Play, Debating Team, Vice-President of Senior Literary Society. So pretty and popular that the high school boys hardly know her.



DOUGLAS WAITLEY, "Doug"

Senior Class Play, "Spirit" staff. There may be greater men but I do not believe it.

FRANCILE WAITLEY, "Tiny"
 Considerate of others, and especially so of Uncle
 Sam's recruits.

LAURA WEARTH
 In silence there is many a good morsel.

JOSEPHINE WILKINSON, "Jo"
 "Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
 If the world seems dark and dreary, and there
 ain't a one seems cheery and yer need a little
 laughin'—go ter "Jo".



CLASS HISTORY AS TOLD BY A BROOM

I am only a broom in the Ames High School but nevertheless, I know a great deal about the school. I have grown old in its service and for many years have traveled throughout the rooms and corridors of the building. While performing my humble and unobtrusive duties, I have had ample opportunity of securing much inside information which necessarily escapes others.

Right well I remember the morning in September 1913, the most eventful day in the history of Ames High. That day marked the arrival of the class of 1917, undoubtedly the most brilliant class which ever graduated. As I stood in my corner that morning and watched the Freshmen go marching by, well I knew how they felt for I myself was once new, you know. They were quite like other freshmen; timid, self conscious, and bewildered. Altho they sought to hide their embarrassment under an exterior of confidence, generally unsuccessful, I knew that inwardly they were quaking with fear lest they make some terrible mistake which would attract the dreaded stares and smiles of the upper classmen.

At the beginning this class numbered only about ninety, but I soon saw that its strength lay not in quantity but in quality. In spite of its early blunders I was deeply impressed by this class and am not at all surprised at the marvelous result which we see today.

At about Christmas time of its first year mystery and expectancy were prevalent among the Freshmen. Rumors had been circulated of a Christmas party to be given the Freshmen by one of the English classes, under the direction of Miss Knudson. The efforts of the committee aroused much curiosity and were extremely successful, especially the grab bag stunt. Everyone declared Miss Knudson and her class royal entertainers. Like all little folks they left such a litter that I was almost worn out when I had finished cleaning up. This was the only event of the Freshmen year for the class was very studious and still somewhat timid.

In its Sophomore year the class began to realize its importance and organized with all due solemnity electing Harold Crosby as its President. A few days preceeding Hallowe'en a great wave of excitement pervaded the Sophomore class the result of which I soon discovered to be a masquerade party to be held October 30th. This party was one of the events of my life, for I was not only present, but figured very prominently as the broom of the old witch who told the fortunes. The party was well attended by ghosts, witches, darkies and other celebrities, who apparently greatly enjoyed themselves. In the spring a jolly picnic was given in the North Woods, of which I heard much gossip.

I was at my old place in the corner, when the class appeared in September 1915 as Juniors. No longer did they

stand aside for anyone, not even the Seniors. The class early took the lead in literary and dramatic affairs, for which it has become so famous. Ruby Wasser was elected President and the class colors, red and white, with the red rose as a class flower were chosen. The chief social event of this year was a party at the Curtiss home where a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Near the end of the year a Junior assembly was given featuring a farce, "The Blundering Mr. Brown," in which Dorothy Proctor and Vern Ewing took the leading parts, and several other Juniors achieved great renown as actors and actresses.

Again an air of excitement pervaded the school and the reception for the passing class of 1916 was a much discussed topic. In spite of a drizzling rain to dampen enthusiasm, it was a grand success and a large attendance enjoyed the good program and "eats." This was soon followed by a picnic, at which the Juniors were guests of the Seniors.

During the summer following, I brushed up a bit, for I was anxious for the return of the class in the fall. Altho it was a merry throng which gathered, it possessed all the dignity befitting the glory and responsibility of being the wisest in school. Willie Olsan was chosen to lead the class in the last lap of the race for diplomas and he has worked hard to make this part of the race the best of all. The Seniors have worked so diligently all year that I have scarcely had an opportunity to sweep the study hall. The only social event during the winter occurred March 10th, when the class was very pleasantly entertained at the Harper home.

On Friday evening, May 18th I had the pleasure of seeing the Senior class play from behind the scenes. Willie Olsan, president of the class, appeared as leading man, with Ruby Wasser and Helen Watson as rivals for feminine honors. Other members of the cast were: Josephine Wilkinson, Esther Cook, Gertrude Carter, Mabel Hall, Ione Rice, Dorothy Proctor, Dorothy Beam, Ted Russell, Douglas Waitley, and Harold Crosby. The play was a great success, and the work of the class is to be highly commended.

Of late I have heard many rumors concerning the Junior-Senior reception which is to be held in the near future, and of the Class Day exercises, to take place May 25th.

During the past four years, I have become very well acquainted with and deeply attached to the class of 1917. Most of its members have won renown in some class or other. Those who have represented the class in athletics are Jay Elliot, Harold Crosby, Floyd Lerdall, Douglas Waitley, Leonard Deal, Paul Potter, Floyd Mabie, Earl Shull and Verne Ewing. Of these Jay Elliot has won four numerals in football, one in baseball, and was captain of the 1915 football team; Floyd

Lerdall has won a numeral in football and two in basket ball, and Harold Crosby has won his stripe in football.

This class is quite remarkable for its literary and dramatic ability, too. The work of the literary society has been particularly noteworthy, for with Ruby Wasser as President, Floyd Lerdall as Secretary and Helen Watson chairman of the program committee, many excellent programs have been presented. In the declamatory contest, the prizes in all three classes were carried off by Seniors; Ward Grogan won in the oratorical class, Ruby Wasser in the dramatic, and Gertrude Carter in the humorous. Helen Watson and Glenn Bute, with Paul Potter as alternate were members of the High School Debating team. The class has been well represented in the musical affairs of the school, with Lois Slocum, Katherine Dodds, Mabel Hall, Edna Craun, and Blanche Bentley in the Girls' Glee Club and Bernard Irwin and Claude Scarborough in the orchestra. The Y. M. C. A. has been doing some splendid work this year also. The Senior boys, who have been influential in this organization are: Bernard Irwin, Paul Potter, Preston Niles, Harlan Harper, and Elmer Mathre.

Just as many of my straws have fallen, so many of this class have dropped out along the way. Now there are left about fifty-six members who hope to be graduated May 31st.

As the school year draws to a close, the members of the class will separate but they will also hold sacred the memory of the happy days spent in old Ames High.

To the class of 1917, I am only a broom, humble and unnoticed, but it is with sadness and regret that I think of the departure of this class. When deprived of the joy of its presence, my duties will seem arduous and monotonous, and the rooms and corridors, brightened only by its memory, will be lonely and drear.

Nevertheless, I join the rest of the school in a hearty toast to the Class of Seventeen.

"Here's a health to you, and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;
Here's a name to you, and a fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long."

—Clara Gilchrist.

CLASS PROPHECY

"RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCES"

Time—May 31, 1937.

Characters—Gladys Irwin }

—Ethelda Swartwood }

Students of Art in Chicago.

(Gladys, seated near table, reading a letter, Ethelda enters with her hands behind her.)

- Ethelda: Gladys, you can't imagine what I came across while I was looking in my trunk for some letters.
- Gladys: Oh! No, probably an old love letter, dated twenty years ago.
- Ethelda: No—— it wasn't that. It was an old "Spirit." Our Annual, you know, of '17. Why, just think, it was twenty years ago today we graduated from Ames High. I wonder what has become of all the class of '17. Have you heard from any of them lately?
- Gladys: Why yes, while you were in your room a letter came for me from Gertrude Carter. I hadn't heard from her for almost five years. You know she is an actress now, and she says that she and Verne Ewing are soon to appear in the play "Hamlet." Verne is still quoting the line, "To be or not to be, that is the question."
- Ethelda: Did she say anything about Gail Mettlen? You know they used to be such chums.
- Gladys: Yes, Gail is a coiffeur in New York now. She doesn't have time to take care of her own curly locks.
- Ethelda: That's funny, I didn't see her when I was there last fall. Say, I never told you all about my visit in the east, did I. I have been so busy, I had almost forgotten all about it myself. Well, you know, when I visited Yale, Elmer Mathre was football coach, and the German Professor—who was it but Floyd Lerdall. They said he had model classes and didn't allow a single question asked. His views certainly must be changed from what they were in High School. (Notices paper, lying on the table.) What are those head lines on that paper, "President Shull Vetoes Bill." Doesn't it seem great that one of our class is now President? And you know Vera Crosby has been his Secretary for some time, and it is reported in Washington that they are to be married soon.
- Gladys: I wonder what ever became of Harold Crosby.
- Ethelda: Why, he's a taxicab driver. I imagine it is hard for him to wait for people now. You know he was always saying "Wait a minute."
- Gladys: Oh, Ethelda—When I was in Ames I went to the Fair Store, and who do you suppose is proprietor—Donald Soper. Mr. Wasser has given the business over to him and he and Ruby are getting along famously. Do you know what became of Douglas and Francile Waitley?
- Ethelda: Oh, they're osteopaths now, out in California. Douglas was so heartbroken when Helen Watson refused him, that he felt he wanted to go to the

other end of the world. So they went to Los Angeles. You know Helen is librarian at the Smithsonian Institute. She is very much in love with her work. Douglas sent Lawrence Murphy to the Fiji Islands so Francile would work with him. It does seem funny that they are still single. And where is Kathryn Allan?

..
Gladys: She has been taking dancing lessons of Lester Moravets, and since he has retired, she has taken the place of Mrs. Vernon Castle and is now known all over the world. I wonder if Inez Cretsinger and Berniece Banks are still going to fraternity dances.

Ethelda: Oh no, they have forgotten all about the I. S. C. students but Inez is using her experience to good advantage as she is now writing "Advice to the Lovelorn" in the Ladies Home Journal. Berniece is spending most of her time in Paris studying styles, as she is writing for the same magazine. Whom else did you see in Ames?

Gladys: Why I was so surprised! Carnie Dunkle is mayor and his wife, Alice McCarthy, is the President of the Ames Woman's Club and the leading society lady. Carnie's old friend, Charles Ritcher has taken Mr. Hicks' place as Superintendent. I visited the college and found that Mabel Hall was Dean of the Home Economics Department and Esther Cook, matron of Margaret Hall. Josie Moreland and Nelly Guise are traveling together for the Extension Department. They are still as inseparable as they were in high school.

Ethelda: What's Ardys Munsinger doing? I heard that she and Paul Potter were married and are running a minstrel show. Did you hear about that?

Gladys: Yes, I guess its all true. Oh yes, I stayed at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel and Katherine Dodds is public stenographer there. She seems to enjoy the busy life just fine. Have you heard from Lois Slocum lately? I didn't see her in Ames.

Ethelda: Yes, I received a letter from her some time ago. You know she worked in the hospitals during the war, singing for the soldiers, among other things, and of course she fell in love with a soldier. He was in the hospital for a long time but he finally recovered and now they are living on a farm in Canada. Evelyn Tripp worked as a nurse in the same hospital and now she is city nurse in Boston. Her old friend, Clara Gilchrist, is President of Smith College, so they are not far apart.

Gladys: Who was our class President—Oh yes, Willie Olson. I heard that he was a great grafter, and that

he even sold silk petticoats thru the mail. Just recently he was arrested and put in jail for five years.

Ethelda: I had heard that he was in New York but I didn't see him when I was there. But I did see Ethel Hunter. She was giving lectures on Woman's Rights. I read in one of the papers there that Ted Russell was very busy as the leader of the newsboys. What became of all the Orchestra people? What is Bernard doing?

Gladys: Haven't you heard? He married Florence Nelson and they are traveling with the Ridpath Chautauqua. Bernard gives cornet solos and Florence gives readings. Leonard Deal is with the same company as cartoonist. You remember Claude Scarborough was a surgeon here some time ago, but he was accused of killing so many patients that he was ordered out of the country. He returned this spring and is now Chief of Police in Des Moines. Claude often goes out to visit his old friend Harlan Harper, who owns a large stock farm near the city. Harlan spends his spare time in auctioneering at farm sales.

Ethelda: That reminds me, Helen Curtiss has been the champion woman farmer, but is now Secretary of Agriculture.

Gladys: Speaking of Helen Curtiss, I can't help but think of Dorothy Proctor.

Ethelda: Oh Dorothy married Preston Niles. He was general in the army during the war and since he became so used to ordering the soldiers around, he bosses her around, so she doesn't have a word to say for herself.

Gladys: Wasn't Floyd Mabie in the army, too?

Ethelda: Yes, while he was in France he became so proficient in the French language, that he is now giving lectures in French on the recent war. Didn't some of the other members of our class go to foreign countries?

Gladys: To be sure, Roscoe Dvoracek is now Professor of American History in the State University of Norway. He is trying to follow Miss Sprague's History Outlines and Superintendent Hicks' Principles of Study. Glen Bute was Superintendent of Schools in Alaska, but the climate was too severe for him so he went to New Zealand.

Ethelda: Did you know that Laura Wearth is working as a missionary in China? I heard not long ago that the Rev. Frank Sowers had gone there for an extended visit. He has been following Billy Sunday's footsteps, doing evangelistic work.

- Gladys: Did Ward Grogan become a Senator? You know he was a great orator and always had high ambitions.
- Ethelda: No, he isn't a Senator. I hadn't heard a word about him since we graduated until one day when I was walking along the street in Providence, Rhode Island, I thot I saw some familiar person working and who was it but Ward Grogan cleaning the streets.
- Gladys: I heard the funniest thing about Dudley Sherman while I was in Ames. He is running a skating rink at Dayton Park, and who do you suppose is manager of the Ten Cent Store? You'll never be able to guess—Edna Craun. She always intended to be a school teacher but she changed from that idea while studying American History.
- Ethelda: Aren't any of the girls school teachers? I thot Lucinda Foster would surely be one. You know she was the only Normal student in our class.
- Gladys: Well she did teach for awhile but later married a rich professor and is now a great society leader in Seattle. Haven't you heard about Lydia Taylor's famous consolidated school in Ontario? She is superintendent there, and has made it the best consolidated school in the West.
- Ethelda: I believe that Blanche Bentley and Loella Smith both intended to teach school.
- Gladys: Yes, I guess they did, but neither of them are doing it. Blanche married one of the class of '18. They moved on a farm but just recently oil wells were discovered on it and now they are the richest family in Kelley. Loella Smith married an I S. C. student after finishing college and is now running a boarding house on the campus.
- Ethelda: Those two remind me of our German class. Have you ever heard what became of Dorothy Beam?
- Gladys: After Edith Wallis was married Dorothy was so heartbroken and lonesome that she went to State Center and became a nun.
- Ethelda: Did Ione Rice and Josephine Wilkinson ever get married?
- Gladys: I don't believe so because I read not long ago of an expedition to the Magnetic Pole led by Josephine, with Ione as her chief engineer. The article stated that in their next expedition they would unearth the pole and take it to Ames so IT would be the center of attraction. Let's see, there were fifty-six in the class besides ourselves. Haven't we forgotten some of them?
- Ethelda: Let's look in the Spirit and see who else there was. —Why certainly there's Jay Elliot, last but not

- least. He wasn't in our German class, but then he took private lessons and is now United States Ambassador to the German Republic.
- Gladys: Wouldn't it be great to have a reunion of the class of '17?
- Ethelda: Yes, it certainly would but when and where could we meet?
- Gladys: I am sure I don't know, we are all so busy. What time is it anyway? I simply must stop reminiscing and write some letters. You can ponder over the old "Spirit" if you want to but I must go to work.
-

SENIOR CLASS SONG

CLASS SEVENTEEN

Tune, "A Merry Life."

Our four long years of joy and strife are over,
And now we're free, and now we're free;
Before us clouds of destiny still hover,
Nor worry we, nor worry we.
When all our tired and saddened hearts are turning
Old times to view; old times to view;
Recall those jolly days of high school learning,
With friends so true, with friends so true.

—Chorus

Care and sadness, quickly we dispel;
Spare no gladness, known to us so well;
Three score less three, in jubilee, will merry be, for soon we're
free.
Sheepskins then in hand, ere we disband
Class Seventeen

Some day, to others we will tell the story,
Of years at Ames, of years at Ames;
And say how ev'ry field has held some glory
For us at Ames, for us at Ames.
Farewell, dear teachers, please do not remind us
Of all we missed, of all we missed;
Farewell, you scholars in the paths behind us,
May you persist, may you persist.

—Paul Potter.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1917 of Ames High School, having completed our course in this institution and being of none too sound a mind and body, because of nervous reactions due to worrying over our semester History reports, principles of study, and other things closely allied, realizing the necessity of acting at once if we are to act at all, do hereby, with the help of the few sound folds of gray matter which we managed to foster thru this grueling and wearisome campaign, file, publish and declare this manuscript to be our last will and testament and hereby revoke any previous wills or testamentary writings.

We hereby direct that our demise shall be treated with all such dignity and grandeur to which our standing entitles us.

For the sake of our heirs, in regard to any property which we may have acquired by anguish of soul, the gnashing of teeth, or the tearing of nails while in this institution, we do dispose of it as follows:

Section 1.

(1.) To any willing persons the responsibility of directing the verdant members of the coming Freshmen class to their class rooms.

(2.) To the Juniors the affections of Miss A. Sprague, whose dealings with us were always gentle and sympathetic. May you brave the storms of American History.

(3.) Since the Board of Education cannot provide free texts, we hereby bequeath all our study worn volumes and notebooks to anyone, who will pay the ransom.

(4.) To all underclassmen our pride in the school building, as shown by our not having defaced it in anyway.

(5.) To anyone who wishes to communicate with his neighbor in any of Miss Fickel's classes, Claude Scarborough leaves his recently invented pocket wireless.

Section 2.

(1.) To Sam Carter and Winfred Crabbs the honor of being mistaken for Seniors.

(2.) To Frank Coulter the ability to make the teachers believe that he really knows, but cannot think how to say it.

(3.) To "Bill" McClure, Preston Niles wills his "Charlie Chaplin Outfit."

(4.) To Cleo Allen one hundred bars of Flake White Soap.

(5.) To the Misses Thornburg, Turner and Gates the undisputed right to talk in the corridor to anyone whom they wish.

(6.) To Warren S. Pollard the motto, "Take Life Easy, You Live But Once."

(7.) To Lucile Lang, Clara Gilchrist leaves her German grades.

Section 3.

(1.) Elmer Nathre leaves his place on the athletic teams to anyone who cares for it, on condition that they do not lower his record.

(2.) Glen Bute's curly hair to little Eber Sherman.

(3.) Floyd Lerdall bequeaths all his discarded audible neckties to Arthur Holdredge.

(4.) Harold Crosby wills his affections for the Freshman girls to Victor Beach.

(5.) The Physics classes leave all the mice found in the laboratory to Miss Coffey.

(6.) Mabel Hall bequeaths her voice to Millie Lerdall.

(7.) Verne Ewing bequeaths his Friday holidays to Lester Johnson.

(8.) Gladys Irwin and Ethelda Swartwood leave all their fortune-telling secrets to Yankee Robinson's circus.

(9.) Paul Potter leaves all his poetic ability to Harold Seymour.

(10.) Leonard Deal leaves his crayons and easel to his worthy successor Ted Nowlin.

(11.) Frank Sowers leaves all his cute tricks, gum, and playthings to future Freshman boys.

Section 5.

(1.) To Miss Mills we give our appreciation of her co-operation in making our "Spirit" worthy of Ames High.

(2.) To Miss Clark our best wishes for her future happiness.

(3.) To Mr. Steffey, whose earnest efforts, "square deal," and kind encouragement have helped us reach this commencement time, we hereby offer our most sincere thanks and hope that next year may be equally as happy and successful for him.

(4.) The remainder of our property whether earned or given to us as an enticement to leave Old Ames High, for its sake we do bequeath it to the whole school for the betterment of our Alma Mater.

In witness thereof, we, the class of 1917 have to this will and testament set our hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, and upon our entrance into the school of experience and hard knocks, the first.

The above instrument consisting of four sections was on the above date signed, sealed, published and declared by the said class of 1917 as, and for its last will and testament in the presence of us, who, at its request and in the presence of each other and the said class, have subscribed our names in witness thereof, knowing the said class to be, at the time of subscribing our names as witnesses, of unsound body and mind as afore

said, but believing no improvement is possible, and on the contrary, that a worse condition might come upon them.

Signed—Ames High Senior Class of 1917.

Seal—Hon. Bernard F. Shaw,

—Hon. Wesley E. Shull.

Attorneys at Law

Witnesses—Kaiser Wilhelm,

King George, V.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Friday evening, May 18.....Senior Class Play
"The Blossoming of Mary Ann"

Saturday evening, May 26.....Junior Reception to Seniors

Friday evening, May 25.....Class Day Program

Sunday evening, May 27.....Annual Class Sermon
 Rev. H. K. Hawley

Thursday evening, May 31.....Commencement Program
 Address by Dr. Medbury.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

May 25, 1917—Part One.

Class Song—Class Seventeen.

(Written by Paul Potter.)

Class History as Told by a Broom—Clara Gilchrist.

Song—Lois Slocum.

Class Will—Bernard Irwin and Earl Shull.

Songs by Senior Girls—Blanche Bentley, Edna Craun,
 Katherine Dodds and Lois Slocum.

Class Prophecy—"Renewing Old Acquaintances"—
 Gladys Irwin and Ethelda Swartwood.

Piano Duet—Alice McCarthy and Ione Rice.

Part 2.

Farce—"A Case of Suspension."

Cast: (In order of appearance.)

Kathleen—A Celtic Maiden—Dorothy Beam.

Dorothy, Alice and Mildred—Young Ladies of the Sem-
 inary—Vera Crosby, Evelyn Tripp and Kathryn Allan.

Jonas—The Seminary Man—Claude Scarborough.

Professor Emilius Edgerton, of the Faculty—Ward
 Grogan.

Harold, Tom and Jack—Undergraduates of the college
 near by—Lester Moravets, Earl Shull and Chas. Richter.

Miss Ophelia Judkins, of the Faculty—Ethel Hunter.



SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"The Blossoming of Mary Ann"

Under the direction of Miss Mildred Sprague, High School Auditorium, Friday Evening, May 18, 1917.

Cast

William Barkley, A Yale man.....Wilhe Olsan
Charles Mason, Lloyd Henderson and Teddy Farnum of Bark-
ley's Fraternity—Frank Sowers, Floyd Lerdall and Ted
Russell.

Mrs. Kirkland, A New York Society Wo-
manJosephine Wilkinson

Mrs. John Simmons, Mrs. Kirkland's sister.....Mabel Hall

Mary Anne Simmons, Mrs. Kirkland's nieceRuby Wasser

Betsy Scroggins, Mrs. Simmon's hired help.....Esther Cook

Sarah Applegate Slissy, Fanndale dressmaker
and town gossip.....Gertrude Carter

Elaine Jewett, a society girl.....Helen Watson

Trella Jewett, Elaine's invalid sister.....Ione Rice

Paty Cloverleaf, a society girl.....Dorothy Proctor

Extras: Guests at fraternity dance:

Helen Curtiss, Vera Crosby, Kathryn Allan, Harold
Crosby, Douglas Waitley, Lester Moravets.

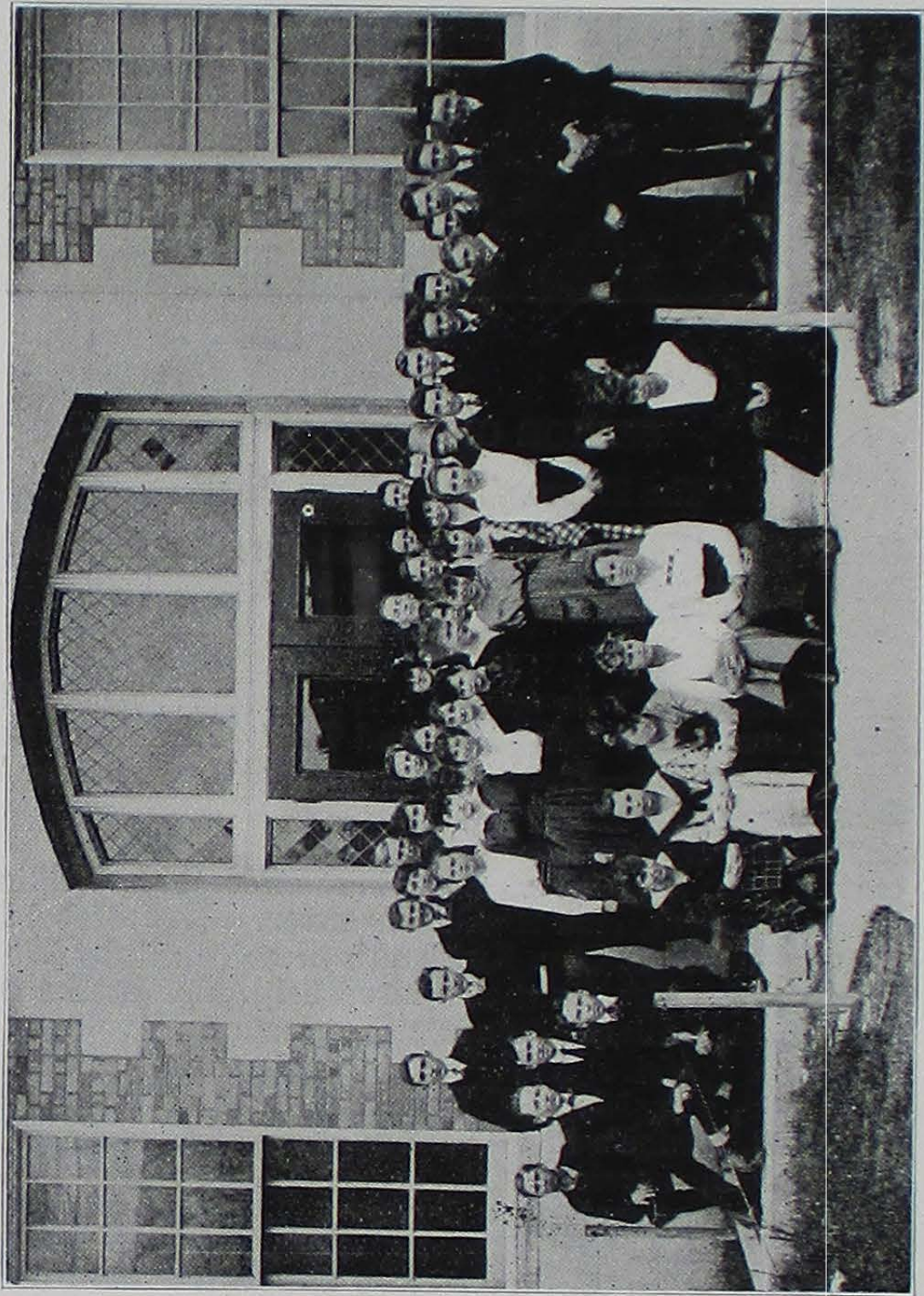
Mrs Kirkland's maid.....Dorothy Beam

Business manager.....Paul Potter

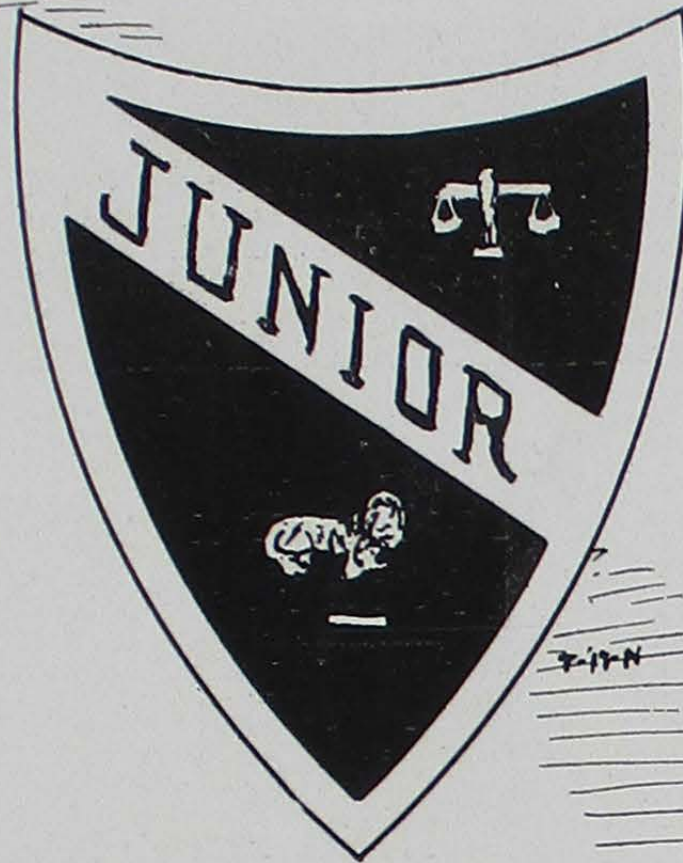
Stage manager.....Harold Crosby

Property manager.....Frank Sowers

ElectricianClaude Scarborough



JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIORS

Le Roy Apland	President
Hazel Cave	Secretary
Orville Apland	Treasurer
Beatrice Olson	Reporter
Edith Wallis	Chairman of Social Committee
Nevin Innes	Chairman of Literary Committee
Victor Beach	Chairman of Athletic Committee

On the evening of May twenty-sixth the annual Junior-Senior Reception was held in the Alumni Hall.

During the evening's entertainment the Juniors presented the following program:

Welcome	Le Roy Apland
Reading	Martha Lesan
Girls Quartet—	
Cornet Solo	Thomas Musson
Hawaiian Music	Lucile Lang and Leona Nunamaker
A farce, "The Obstinate Family".	

Refreshments were served in the Cafeteria and the program of witty toasts rendered was enjoyed by everyone.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



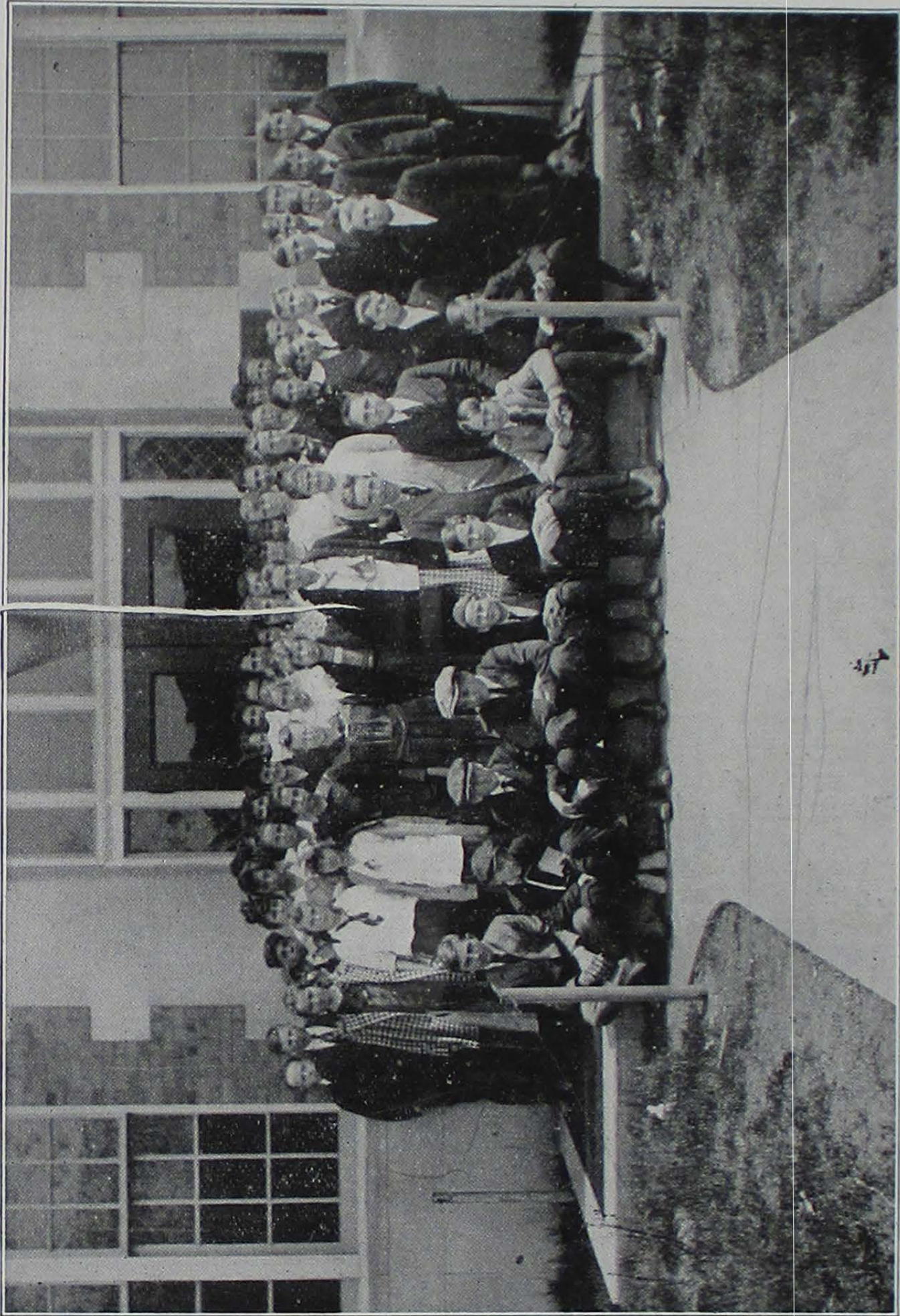
SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

The Sophomores have been busy this year both in literary and social affairs. On St. Patrick's Day, a number of loyal Sophomores gathered in the gymnasium for a good time. Games, victrola music, and several readings by Miss Thornburg and Fern Grover were some of the diversion of the evening. At the close of the party, dainty refreshments were served by several girls, from a booth in one corner. Little green flags were given as favors. They were chaperoned by Mr and Mrs. Steffy, Miss Clark and Miss Thornburg. The evening was voted by all to be a great success.

When Uncle Sam's first call for men came, a number of our Sophomore boys responded. Several joined the coast artillery, others the National Guards and one or two, the navy. While the boys have been doing their bit for this country, the girls, also, have been striving to do their share, a number of them joining the Red Cross.

The Sophomores have had some very good class officers this year, who have worked diligently for the improvement of their class. They were as follows:

President	Waldo McDowell
Vice-President	Lydia Tilden
Secretary and Treasurer	Robert Potter
Class Reporter	Florence Goddard



FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS REPORT

The Freshmen, with the intention of making their class the "peppiest" one in the school have been very busy this year. It took them a short time to become accustomed to the ways of the school, but they have, by this time become very wise. The social committee has been planning a picnic, as a grand finale of their social activities for the year. Everyone is expected out for a rousing good time and especially for the big spread.

The school affairs committee has also been at work and has held several meetings, at which they composed class songs and yells. The following is one of their efforts:

1. Ames High is a dear school
But the Freshmen are the best;
They always have their lessons and
They never flunk a test.
Sure they're loyal and'll stand forever
By the good old orange and black
So you must boost for the Freshmen and
Ames High we will all back.
2. Freshmen, so they state it,
Are as green as green can be;
But let's make them stand by us
And we'll show our loyalty
But we'll strive and fight forever
To be Seniors by and by
Now you upper classmen
Who's the best in old Ames High?
—Sung to: Ireland Must be Heaven

The Freshmen class officers for the year were:

President	Roy Bennett
Vice-President	Marion Smith
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Ted Jones



ATHLETICS

"FINIS"

Only a few more weeks of school remain and with its close a most successful year of athletics at A. H. S. will have passed into history.

Looking back o'er the records of the last nine months we cannot help but think, cannot help but feel that in so far as victories are concerned, our athletic achievements have been such as should instill within each and every one of us a feeling of fortitude and pride for being members of Ames High School.

Out of nine games in football we won five and tied two, and won five out of eight in basketball.

The track season is in full swing now and quite a few have been practicing daily for the last month. Owing to our suspension there will be no track events other than the home meet, but this, providing enough take interest, promises to be of a very interesting nature. The "Varsity Shop Cup" which was won by the Senior-Sophs. last year, will again be competed for.

Coach Thompson has arranged for a tennis tournament this year which is something new at Ames High. Thirty-six have entered and much interest is being shown.

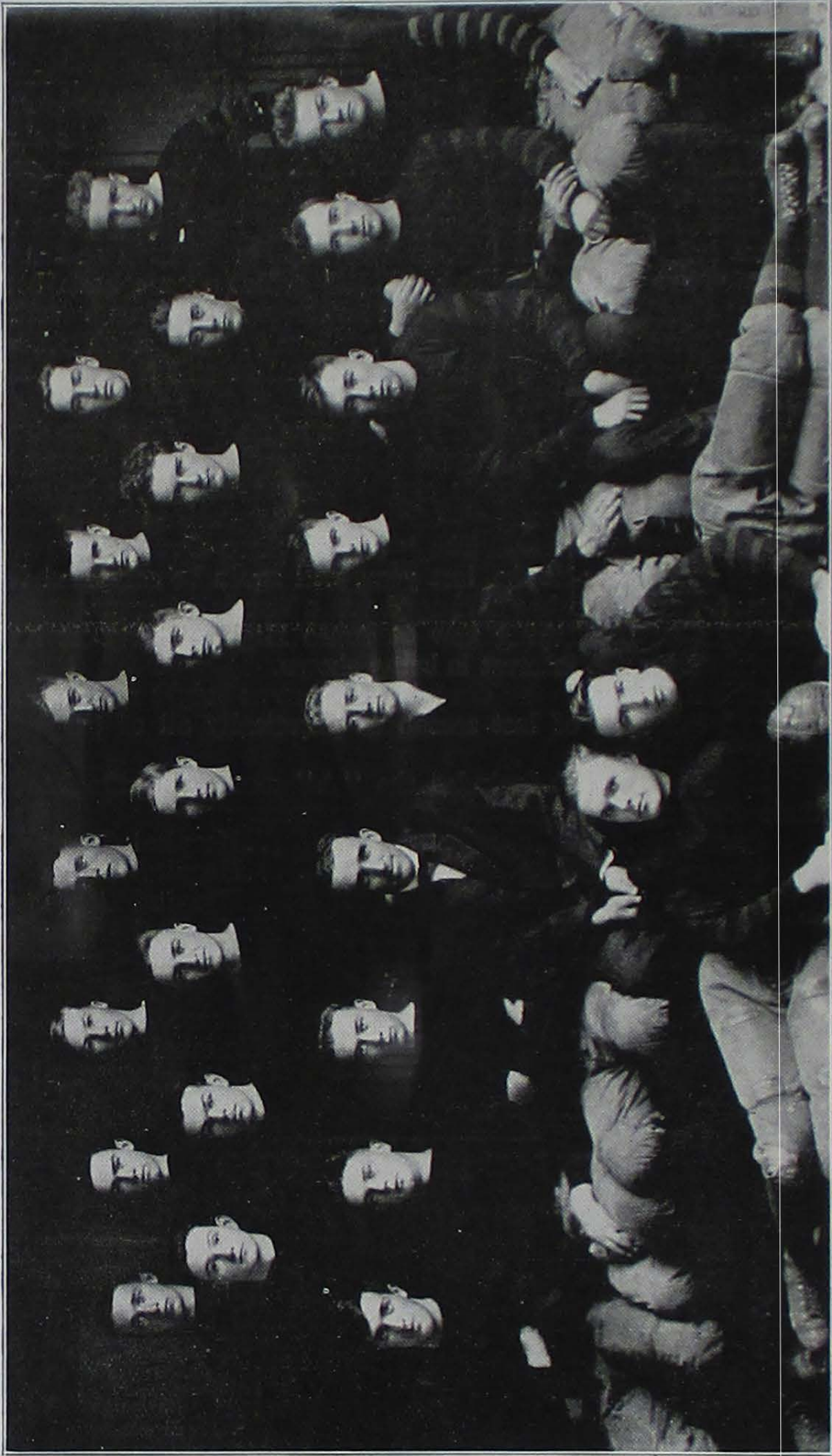
Football prospects for next fall are not as bright now as they were at the close of last season as practically all of the "A" men have enlisted.

The following list includes the "A" men who have heeded their country's call and are awaiting orders:

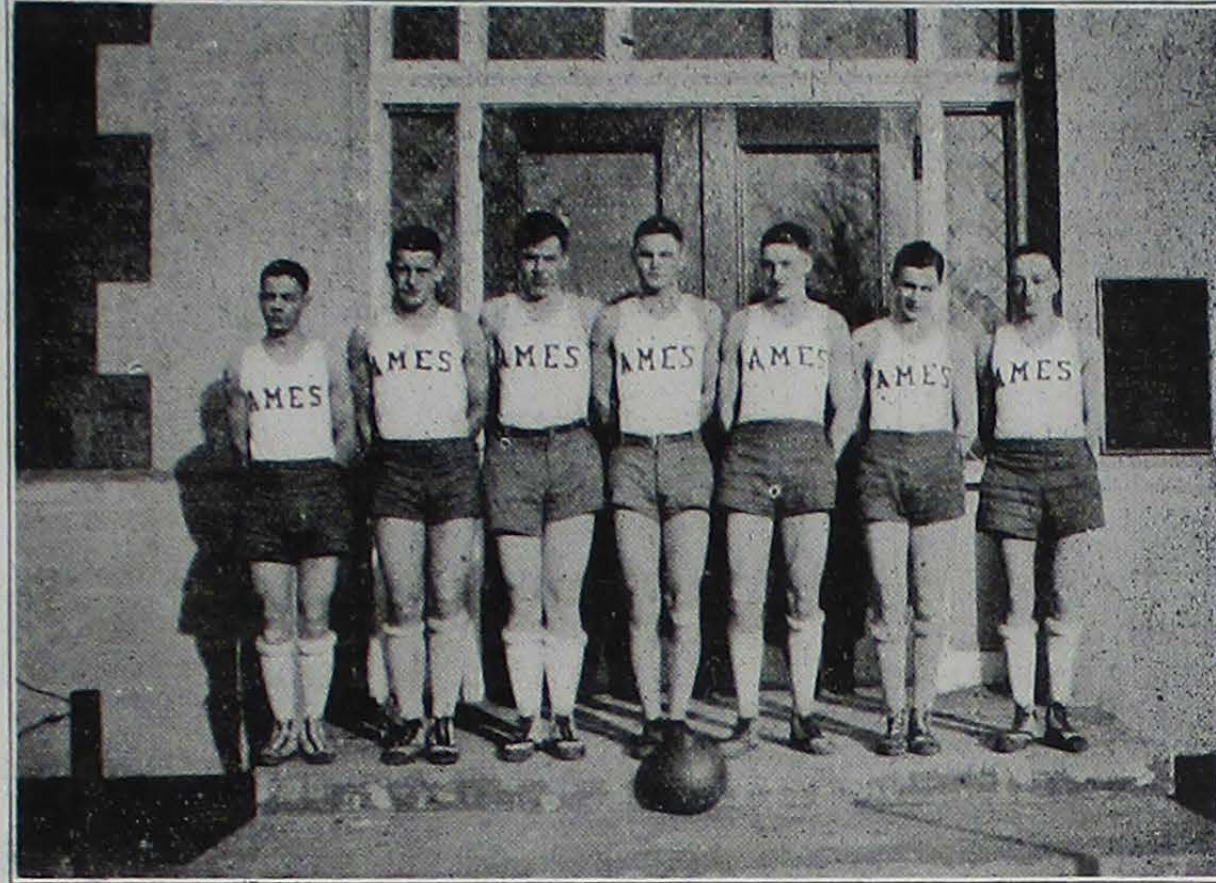
Crosby	Hospital Corps
Ex-captain Elliott.....	Hospital Corps
Captain Hoon.....	Hospital Corps
Ricketts	Hospital Corps
Soper	Hospital Corps
Terry	Coast Artillery
Sage	Coast Artillery
Posegate	National Guards
Hammond	National Guards
Grey	Navy

1916 FOOTBALL RECORD

Ames 0.....	Algona (State Champs.)	0
Ames 32	Perry	0
Ames 0	Ft. Dodge	6
Ames 27.....	Eagle Grove	7
Ames 13	Newton	0
Ames 16	Cedar Rapids	7
Ames 0	Marshalltown	0
Ames 12	Boone	0
Ames 12	North High	14
Total 112		Total 34



Varsity Football Squad



BASKETBALL TEAM

1917 BASKETBALL RECORD

Ames 19	Boone 20
Ames 63	Colo 22
Ames 34	Toledo 26
Ames 24	Indianola 20
Ames 28	Dallas Center 23
Ames 15	Algona 27
Ames 18	Simpson C. Fresh. 34
Ames 22	Almuni 14
Total 223	Total 186

AMES 18—SIMPSON C. FRESHMEN 34

Our first non-scholastic game with the S. C. Freshmen was lost to the invading party. 18-24 on paper looks like an overwhelming defeat, but this variance in figures does not in the least tell the story. The first half witnessed a fast and even game but it was in the second inning that the visitors broke their leashes and tipped in a half dozen lucky baskets. The most of these were caged by a certain individual by the name of Fisher who carried a horseshoe under his wing, for he dropped three beauties from exceptionally long range. Owens, who

starred on the Indianola High team last year, played his old-time game again.

Innes for Ames and Owens for S. C. Freshmen were the chief point winners.

Summary—Field goals: Innes 4, Sauvain 1, Ricketts 1, Lerdall 2, Owens 6, Newcomb 4, Mohr 5.

Fouls: Owens 2, Mohr 2, Lerdall 2. Referee—Merriam, I. S. C.

AMES 22—ALUMNI 14

The annual game with the Alumni, as usual was marked with much interest, but this year it turned out differently than formerly because instead of suffering a sound thrashing, we turned the tables and gave them the mitten.

Two of our regulars, Hammond and McCarty, were on the sidelines or the drubbing might have been more severe.

However, we'll admit we had the advantage in training and experience and wish to extend to them our congratulations in showing up so remarkably well even though they were handicapped.

Sauvain, playing his first game, was the individual star of the game, tallying 10 of the 22 points.

Summary—Field goals: Ricketts 1, Innis 3, Sauvain 5, Dunlap 1, Davis 3, Jacobson 1, Gleason 1.

Fouls—Davis 2, Swearengen 1, Britten 1, Innis 2.

Referee—Aldrich, I. S. C.

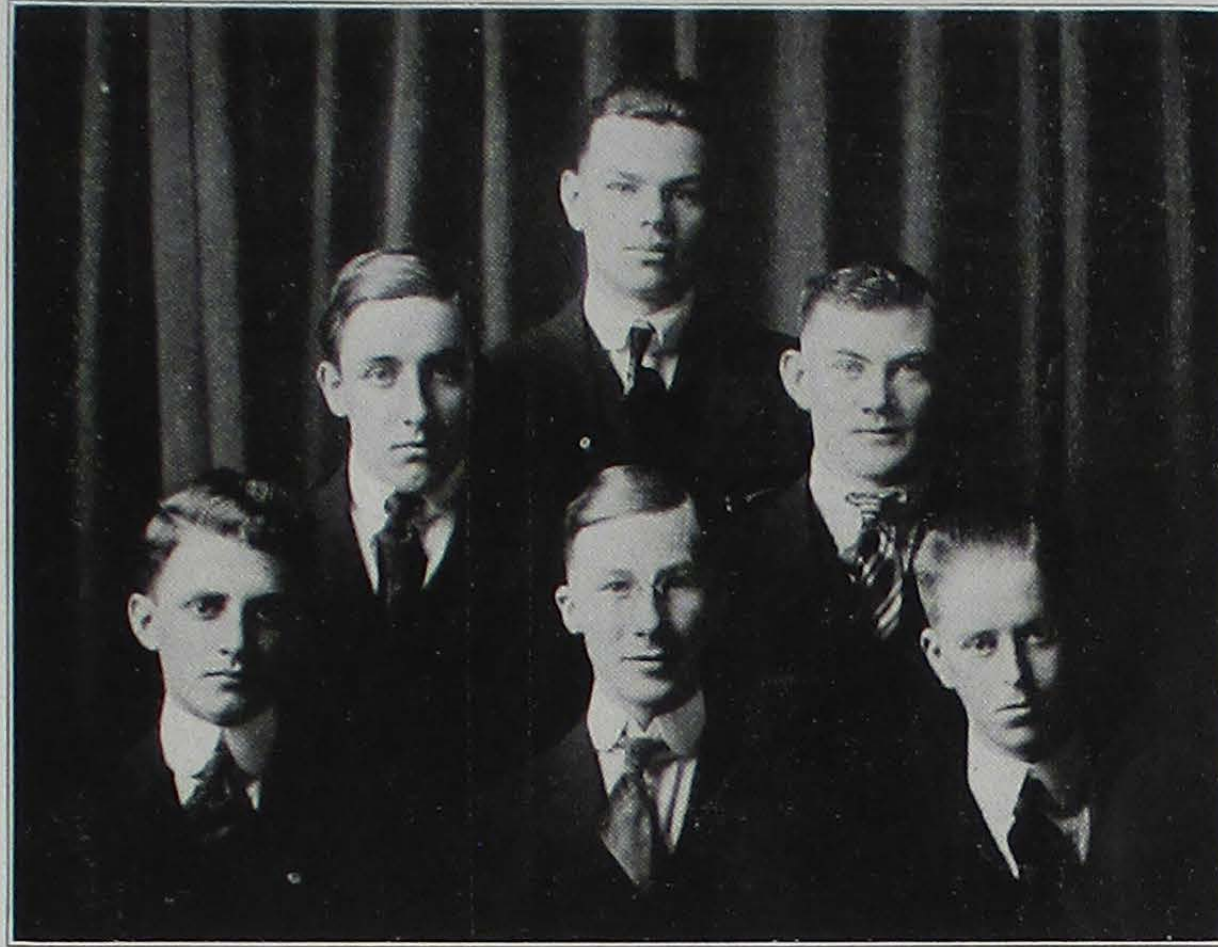
APPRECIATION

Without steam an engine will not run, neither would our athletic machine without Thompson.

During the two years in which he has been connected with our school, he has made for himself a name which shall forever live in the annals of Ames High.

Not every school can boast a man of such a splendid personality and we should indeed feel fortunate in having as director of our athletics a man who executes his duties in the most systematic and efficient way; a man who is partial to none, equal to all occasions, master of every obstacle, and who is an ardent advocate of clean and wholesome athletics.

Although we owe a great deal of our success to the boys who were at the front and who bore the brunt of battle, we must not forget the force behind the lines who furnished the brains which made possible their success.



Willis Belknap Paul Potter John Stafly
Bernard Irwin Elmer Mathre Preston Niles

Y. M. C. A.

The "Y" meetings have been interesting and profitable throughout the school year and the last few especially have been well attended and full of pep.

A typical "Y" meeting may be described as follows: Meeting is opened by a few short prayers and two or three good wholesome songs, followed by a brief business session. Next comes a short Bible study period and generally an inspiring talk by some earnest, capable live-wire speaker. After dismissal a general "get-together" is held and then the meeting adjourns.

Carl Ringgenberg has been leading us in our Bible study and we have had some splendid speakers including Mr. Brown and Mr. Kennedy, both state Y. M. C. A. workers.

On the twenty-second and twenty-third of March, Mr. Brown, Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Cotton were here for constructive work among the boys. They accomplished a great deal and we believe and hope that their work will help to make the "Y" successful and influential the coming school year. On account of this work the prospects look good for a bigger, better and more energetic "Y" next year and all high school fellows are urged to get in touch with the meetings next fall.

At our meeting, April twenty-fourth, the following officers were elected to serve next year in the cabinet:

President—Donald Soper.

Vice-President—Winfred Crabbs.

Secretary—Nevin Innes.

Treasurer—Paul Potter.

The following chairmen of committees were appointed:

Bible Study—Donald Soper.

Membership—Winfred Crabbs.

Program—Victor Beach.

Social—Eugene Watkins.



Top Row—Edna Craun, Theresa Judge, Estella Sill, Lois Slocum, Julia Arasmith, Kathryn Dodds, Marie Judge, Blanche Bentley.

Bottom Row—Grace Vickery, Mabel Hall, Anna Lindauer, Naomi Fitch, Myrtle Hall, Naomi Britten.



Top Row—Wm. McClure, Claude Scarborough, Warren E. Pollard, director; Bernard Irwin, Homer Tostelbe
Bottom Row—Florence Goddard, Fern Grover, Lura Woods, Burton Colburn, Carl Briley, Fred Jones

LITERARY

SPRING

Bright and airy this spring fairy
Trips in old King Winter's wake.
Crocus, cowslip heralds merry,
Tell us just what path she'll take.

Light she floats o'er field and fallow
Barefoot, fair, a rosy thing
Flecks of green in meadows sallow
Trace the steps of laughing Spring.

Like the bubbles on the river
Like the humming bird in air,
With the slightest, brightest quiver
Twinkles Spring, now here, now there.
—Helen Watson.

HIS PATRIOTISM

Harry Lawrence was a young man who worked as a clerk in a dry goods store, in the city of New York. His fellow clerks called him "Red" because of his fiery red hair, and by that name he had been known at college. Then, too, his temper was somewhat like his hair.

But in spite of hair and temper, Harry's heart was good and he was chock full of patriotism. When the call for volunteers was made, Harry was among the first to go to headquarters.

The day of his examination he marched to the armory with a light heart and a whistle on his lips, but the examination was not quite as he expected it to be. There were a great many more questions than he thought necessary, and he was just a little bit nervous.

His height was taken; his weight was set down—he had expected these—his health record was looked into—his heart was examined—horrors!—How could the officer feel it beat when it was in his mouth?—his feet had special attention, and when his examiner came to his mouth he shook his head decidedly in the negative. "Teeth bad," he muttered. Then, "Index finger off left hand, feet in poor condition; arches broken down—" smiling, "You'd better stay here and join the home gardening club. Fine corn patch you have started. Can't take you! Sorry—Good day."

"Red" Lawrence was completely down hearted as he walked from the room. At the door of the building he met a college chum who hailed him thus, "Hello Red! Enlisted? Good! I'll bet you have. I'm going to. Lots of fun we'll—What? Wouldn't take you? Why not?" Red ex-

plained. "Oh pshaw now! I'm sorry! That's too bad. Well so long old boy. See you later-! And he was gone like a flash up the stairs.

Red continued on his way to the business section of the city unmolested. His thoughts were working fast. It seemed a pity that he should remain at home with no one depending upon him when mothers, wives and sweethearts were bemoaning the loss of other fellows.

The balmy spring days went by one by one, and as the companies were ordered out, one after another, the city seemed dead to Red as he helped in the store under the strain of the season. On the depot platforms were always large crowds to send the companies off and Harry missed never an opportunity to cheer for them, though his heart was almost breaking to go along. Several of the lads were his own class mates and it was hard to let them go without him, but he had to do it.

Two weeks after the departure of the last company Red decided he would not let depression get too strong a hold on him. His fellow clerks were getting up a gardening club and as they urged him to join, he decided he would.

Near his rooming house was a large lot which served as a dumping ground to the families near it. Red sauntered over to look at it one evening and accidentally met the owner. After conversing for a few minutes, he managed to engage the lot for the summer.

The next evening after working hours Red and one of his friends cleared the lot and it would never have been known as the same one. Together the two boys worked and prepared the ground. Together they planted seeds and set out young plants, and together they cultivated them until the plants had no excuse for not flourishing.

One evening when it was growing too dark to do much work "Red" strolled leisurely up the street. It was too nice to go in so he walked on and on losing himself in thoughts about his friends at the front. And then he remembered his garden and he denounced it as a silly piece of business. What would the other fellows think if they knew that while they were at the front ready to fight for their country, he, the most patriotic of them all, was pulling weeds and fiddling around a little patch of ground like a girl. Well, that garden could become a weed patch for all he cared. He'd never pull another one as long as he lived.

Unmistakable sounds of sobbing reached "Red's" ears and he looked up only to realize that he had drifted into the tenement district. There by a dry goods box he perceived a tiny dirty bundle of rags. Then a very thin little face, with great brown eyes peered anxiously up at him. Red's heart triumphed over his temper and he knelt beside the child asking what the trouble was. The answer came in a thin high-pitched, wailing voice: "Mamma's sick an' there ain't nuthin' t' eat an' I'm hungry."

Red could easily believe that when he looked at the pinched little face. "Why, bless you child," he answered, "you shall have something to eat." Come and show me where you live."

It isn't necessary to describe here the suffering, the lack of food and clothing that "Red" saw as he climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs. It isn't necessary to tell how for once the little girl had all she could eat and how the sick mother blessed him and called him a hero.

It is sufficient to say that while he was walking slowly homeward, Red came to the realization that he was helping his country, even by pulling weeds. Were not those who remained at home and fed the poor doing as great a service to humanity as those who were ready to go into the war? The old woman had called him a hero and he resolved to do his best to live up to the name. He knew now where the products of his garden were going.

As he stepped into his room a little later, Red suddenly laughed, "Say, I wonder if that officer who examined me was laughing at me or giving me some advice. Well whatever it was I followed it and 'Long live the Garden Club'."

Fern Dudge '20.

OUR NEIGHBOR

The subject of my article lives not one or a hundred miles from here—peace to his ashes for he died about two years ago. This little old hermit's picturesque shack situated about five miles from town was completely surrounded by a clump of bushes and trees, so that one could scarcely tell that there was a hut there except for the occasional tiny wreath of smoke that made its way out from the shrubbery.

You could not expect this man to have anything but a peculiar name, it was "Hy" Howe, and indeed he was one of the notorious men for miles around. By notorious I do not mean a prominent business man but everybody knew who old "Hy" was, although they had never seen him or wished to do so. However those few who did know him could not help but be very much interested in this odd character. Luckily I was one of those few who knew this man, and I would not have missed this pleasure for anything.

Our house was not far from this recluse and whenever mother had baked something especially appetizing I was sent to take some to "Hy." This is how my acquaintance started. Soon after we had moved to this place, I started on my first visit to our neighbor and I don't think that I will soon forget how terrified I was for I had heard all kinds of weird stories about this man. Once inside the door I was so amused at the surroundings and peculiar objects that I entirely lost my timidity.

This house, if it could be called that, had but one room, it was not much longer than an ordinary garage and not near-

ly so well built, in fact merely boards and boxes nailed together to form some sort of a shelter. In one corner was a rickety old stove which served both as a heater and cook stove and I am sure this affair had never seen anything that even looked like stove polish.

Opposite this was his "bunk" but I think I shall let it pass without further comments because it was so utterly beyond description. One side of the house was lined with shelves upon which all of his provisions, clothing and magazines were stored. The only means of light was a cracked window pane and a smoky oil lamp.

For companions "Hy" had a goat and a dog. Undoubtedly you will ask, where did he find room for these pets? Well, that was a very easy matter, for "Hy's" policy was "Where there is a will, there's a way," and besides in the winter time these animals were a necessity. The goat slept on the box of potatoes to keep them from freezing, and the dog slept on the master's cot to keep his feet warm. In looking more closely I noticed that there was not an article that was not put to use, even the bread-box was used for a chair. Between the peculiar surroundings and the interesting war stories which our neighbor told me (for he was a Civil War soldier,) I was thoroughly occupied for two or three hours. I wished this old man good afternoon and left declaring to myself that I had not wasted any time.

The next morning as I was wandering through the woods I came across my new friend doing his yearly washing, but a year's washing to "Hy" was nothing more than a couple of flannel shirts and a pair of socks. I told my friend that I was going to the country store that afternoon and if he wished any groceries I would be glad to get them for him. He thanked me and asked me to stop and he would have a list ready for me.

When I was ready to go I hitched up my pony and was soon on my way. When I came to the shack I stopped to see what "Hy" wanted. As soon as he had handed me a list of his groceries I started to go, but he called me back to get the money. Just as I had turned around he had shoved away the potato box and was opening up a dirty old tobacco pouch which he had taken from a little hole in the wall—and it was full of money! I certainly was surprised for everybody thought him to be as poor as a church mouse.

Soon after this last visit, our family moved to another town and I missed most of all my interesting visits with our old neighbor. I often wondered if the three were still as happy as ever. About two years ago as I was looking through a newspaper I came across the article telling of the death of "Hy" Howe. I had a feeling of genuine sorrow when I read this news for I was still hoping for another talk with my friend.

Josephine Wilkinson, '17.

THE CLOUD

Oh! Cloud which floats toward western sky
All silvery white as light as foam,
I sometimes wonder when I look at you
If there's a place which you call home.

I watch you as you onward float
And use so well that power of yours
To fascinate the human eye,
As through the sky you make your tours.

When swiftly you sail ov'r my head
And then sweep out to sea,
Way down deep in my longing soul
I wish, I wish I were with Thee.

—W. E. S. '17.

KENNETH'S SEVENTH CIRCUS

Kenneth Miles was past eleven and had gone to every circus that had come to his town for the last six years of his life. His mother had taken him until he was nine, when he had suddenly decided that if "Spike" could go with the other boys, he could too because he was smarter in arithmetic than "Spike" was. It always worried Mrs. Miles to think of him crawling under the tents and running among the animals as she had often seen other boys of his age do. Now here was another of those awful shows coming to town and of course Kenneth would want to go with his friends as usual.

This year the circus would be on Friday and the posters showed all kinds of animals, and girls with pretty dresses. It was to be bigger than usual and Kenneth longed to see the trapeze performers and the fat lady with the "skinny" husband. The school children made an appeal to the principal asking her to let them out for the circus but she thought it wasn't necessary.

Kenneth was heartbroken. Circuses had always been the most wonderful part of his life and now he was going to miss one. A complaint was made by that youngster at the supper table the evening before the show and his father said, "Miss Holland is right, there's no sense in you children taking a day off for a thing like that. You'd appreciate your opportunity for going to school if you had as few chances as I had when I was a boy. Besides, mother has a flower bed to be dug up and you can do that."

"Aw, you folks never did want me to have any fun. I've always worked like a dog and all I ever got was fifteen cents. Bill's mother gives him a nickel every time he goes to the store but I have to go for nothing. That shows you don't treat me fair and I'm just gonna quit school anyway. I can't sing and Miss Parker knows it."

This said, the boy left the table and shut the front door with a bang. His father said nothing but secretly he didn't see "why Carrie hadn't taught that child to control his temper."

Friday came and with it the glories of the parade, music and peanuts. To the school children, however, the afternoon was to be the longest one of the year. Everybody thrills all over at the thought of a parade.

The Miles boy hurried home at noon to work on his mother's garden. He was to receive twenty cents for the hour he worked at noon and twenty-five cents more when the job was finished.

He received his pay and went whistling to school for he and some other boys were going to "skip" and get in under the side of the tent. At two-thirty recess came and as they filed out, four of the boys slipped around to the back yard and met by the cellar door. The train was late and the boys had

to wait until three forty-five before the parade came. Secretly each boy wished he had stayed at school but none of them said anything. There were very few animals and the clowns didn't seem a bit funny. Finally they reached the circus grounds, however, and the crowd began to come for the afternoon show. The boys got in under the tent but in the act, Kenneth's stocking was badly torn, which greatly grieved that youth, as he was naturally very neat. The first elephant that entered squirted dirty water all over the boys and as they scrambled to get out of the way they fell over each other, doing a great deal of damage to their wearing apparel. In a few minutes the pony riders came in and the boys, not profiting by their last experience, got too close to the ropes. As the last pony passed, it stepped on Kenneth's outstretched foot causing great pain to that youth. The dogs didn't do half as much as was shown on the bills while the seals didn't appear at all. This was enough to disgust any boy who had skipped school, torn his stocking and lost earning a quarter, just for an old show.

It was getting dark when the affair was over and everyone hurried toward home. For some reason or other Kenneth wasn't very anxious to get home. He knew the principal would phone to his mother. This would stir her up and then, too, she expected him to finish the flower bed. Before he knew it the boy had arrived at his own gate and as he plunged his hands into his pockets preparing for the explosion, he found that his money was gone. Every pocket was thoroughly searched but nothing was found. This then was another thorn in his side. While he was thinking about his money the little boy next door ran over and told him that school let out at three o'clock and he should have stayed. Mother met him at the door, much to his disgust, and wanted to know where in the world he had gotten so torn and dirty. Oh how the poor child wished he had never seen a circus. He had lost his money, failed to earn another quarter, angered his parents and teacher, soiled his clothes, and seen a circus that wasn't worth fifteen cents. In a few minutes from the time of his arrival, a boy in overalls appeared at the parlor door saying, "Say Ma, you don't need to pay me for finishing the garden if you won't tell Pa."—Aldeba Fox.



WINNERS

RUBY WASSER	WARD GROGAN	GERTRUDE CARTER
Dramatic	Oratorical	Humorous

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

Our annual declamatory contest was held on Thursday afternoon, March 8. It was a good contest, to which interest was added by the three prizes of five dollars each, which were offered to the winner in each class, by the Fair Store, Tilden Manufacturing Company and Gus Martin. Ward Grogan won out in the oratorical class, Ruby Wasser in the dramatic and Gertrude Carter in the humorous division. Ruby Wasser was chosen winner over all and represented Ames High at Jefferson in the sub-district contest. However, due to some misunderstanding she was not allowed to compete in this contest. The excellence of our home contest was due to the efforts of Miss Fickle, who was in charge of this work, and Miss Pammel, who coached the contestants.

The program presented was as follows:

Oratorical—

"A Plea for Cuba".....	Ward Grogan
"Speech of Patrick Henry".....	William Nelson

Dramatic—

"The Death Disk".....	Martha Lesan
"The Sign of the Cross".....	Ina Reins
"How the Church Was Built at Kehoes' Bar...."	Ruby Wasser

Humorous—

"The Fall of Georgie Bassett" from Penrod..	Gertrude Carter
"Anne of Green Gables".....	Georgina Kirkham
"Who's Afraid?".....	Hazel Taylor



BARCLAY NOBLE HELEN WATSON GLEN BUTE

DEBATE

As Ames High is ever ambitious for her name and always eager to try her hand at anything new, she decided to have a debating team this year. A preliminary contest for the choosing of the team was held in the early part of the year and the following team was chosen: Helen Watson, Barclay Noble, and Glen Bute with Paul Potter as alternative. Their first meeting was with Carroll High, a school which is noted for its fine debaters. The question up for debate was: "Resolved that the several states should adopt a system of compulsory industrial insurance, constitutionality granted." The arguments presented, by both sides, were convincing and showed careful preparation. However, our team was rather unfortunate and was defeated by Carroll, due to the fact, perhaps, that the Carroll speakers were more experienced debaters. Two of the team, Helen Watson and Glen Bute, and also Paul Potter, the alternative, were seniors, but Ames, even if she is losing nearly all of this year's team, expects to continue this work next year.

SENIOR GIRL HONORED

Ames High feels proud of one of her senior girls. Vera Crosby, who, a short time ago received a gold medal from the Remington Typewriter Company. She wrote sixty words in a minute, which was more than was required for the winning of the medal and also made no mistakes, although several were allowed to her. This is quite an honor and is only the second time that it has happened in the history of Ames High.



SPIRIT SPASMS

Miss Mills—"Ward, why is it wrong to say: 'The horse and cow is in the pasture'?"

Ward G.—"Because the lady should be mentioned first."

Miss Turner had been annoyed all the period by Donald Huckle's pranks. At last she said, "Donald, if you are not fit to sit with decent people, come up here and sit by me."

Soph.—(Reading from English text)—"Let me kiss your ruby lips." (Class laughs.)

Miss Fickel—"Oh, I wouldn't mind a little thing like that."

Vera C.—(in American History)—"They hanged Garfield's assassin. Twenty years later they examined him and found he was insane."

Miss Thornburg—"If a watermelon and a pumpkin were crossed, what would it be?"

Freshie—"A water pump."

Mr. Pollard, in music—"We will sing 'Call to Arms'."

Edna Craun—"Mr. Pollard, we haven't a 'call to arms,'"

Mr. Pollard—"You may have mine."

Miss Mills, in Senior English class—"Helen, what picture did you get of the Grecian Urn?"

Helen Watson—"I saw the girl and her lover just so far apart, and they couldn't get any closer."

Mystery—Why did Joe and Vera drop hands so quickly, when they reached the top of the hill, out in the woods that Sunday?

Miss Fickle—"Tom, do you know what 'spunk' is?"

Tom—"Yes, mam, spunk is the past of spank."

East High has a lunch room, but they haven't anything on us at that. We have a Coffee-Mill.

FAMOUS PROVERBS OF A. H. S. TEACHERS

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man a farmer—Mr. Gibson.

If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.—Miss A. Sprague.

Live so that when you die, even the undertaker will be sorry.—Miss Fickel.

Lazy people have no right to complain, and busy people haven't the time.—F. W. Hicks.

Miss Thornburg, in Ancient History—"Winifred, what is a fort?"

Winifred Crabbs—"A fort is a place where they keep soldiers."

Miss T.—"All right, now what is a fortress?"

Winifred—"A place to keep soldiers' wives."

City visitor—"Is your milk pasturized?"

Russell Coon—"Well the cows were in the pasture all summer, but we're feeding them fodder now."

Glen Cassidy, in English II, repeating "America"—"My country tis of thee, Land of the noble free—err—um—"

Miss Turner—"Thy name I love."

If Burton Colburn went to the movies, we expect that Laura Wood, too.

Verne Moses was standing in front of the Paradise Candy Company. Loella Smith, on passing him remarked: "How natural Moses looks near Paradise."

Vera C.—"Harold, does your hair ever part?"

Harold—"Yes, when I have it cut."

We had a Study Hall notice to "Serve your country and your school." Francis Holm has disobeyed both commands by staying out of school with the "German" measles.

Leona N. was troubled in typewriting by the word "circum." Finally Miss Boyd, exasperated, exclaimed: "Leona, put your hand on your circumference."

Leona, blushing and hesitating, searched for her waist line.

Student, translating German—"There stood the girl, with red cheeks on the threshold."

Mr. Steffy (after talk on politics, in Civics class)—"Carvel, what are the two greatest parties in this country?"

Carvel C. (not having paid strict attention)—"The Freshman class party and my birthday party."

Winifred Crabbs, reciting in Biology—"The leaves perform their work all summer except in the winter."

Miss Coffey, in physics class, which was studying sound—"Clyde, will you tell what beats are?"

Clyde Durrel—"What you make pickles of."

Author unknown; bet he's a Freshie—"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Miss Mills—"Please explain this line: 'Oh, priest, where leadest thou that heifer'?"

Isabelle—"It means a couple were coming down the hill hand in hand."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

My dear Miss Simpson:—

Since so many of the A. H. S. boys have enlisted, my friends, Isabelle Valentine, Lucille Lang, and I, have decided that our one ambition in life, is to become Red Cross Nurses. We desire to take a brief course in "First aid to the injured," which will not require that we spend much time in preparation, or, on account of which, we will be compelled to miss any dances. How do you think we can accomplish this?

Miss I. D. Clair.

Dear little Idy Clair:—

I cannot but admire your noble ambitions, and very fortunately, I had in my possession just such instructions as you will need to know. If you follow these instructions carefully, I am sure you will save many lives, and be a blessing to your country. In the case of fractures, if you wish to see if the limb is broken, wiggle it gently back and forth. To remove grit in the eye, roll the eyelid back once, then let the patients wet the stick with their own saliva, so as to cause no pain. For a bad wound on the head, apply the tourniquet around the neck to stop bleeding to death. If a patient is suffering from a dog bite, put the dog away for several days. If he has not recovered then kill him. When clothing is on fire, get the per-

son whose clothing is on fire, to lie down and roll to some body of water and roll in. If it should be necessary for the patient to pass through a great deal of smoke, put a soiled handkerchief in his nose and mouth. In the case of nose bleed, put a roll of paper under the upper lip, and if this fails, plug the nose and let it run down the throat. For gas poisoning (and you will probably have more of these cases) you should try and get the most of the gas out by squeezing them. These methods will undoubtedly have a noticeable effect on the patients, and my sympathies go with both you and them.

DID YOU EVER?

- See a Crosby that didn't giggle?
 - Know the lower hall to be quiet at noon?
 - Hear Isabelle V. translate German?
 - See Kath. Allen when she didn't have a "choice bit" to tell you?
 - See "Doug" when he wasn't chewing gum? (Juicy fruit most popular.)
 - See all of the Seniors at a class meeting?
 - Know Harold C. to have a note book in on time?
 - See Ione when she wasn't smiling?
 - Know Miss Johnson to make a witty remark?
 - See Lyle McCarty without laughing?
 - See Floyd Lerdall smile?
 - Get a joke from Ada Sprague?
 - See Vera Crosby when she wasn't talking?
 - See Dorothy Proctor when she wasn't asking question?"
 - See "Soper" without his Ruby?
 - Hear of Dan McCarthy having his lesson?
 - See Josephine Wilkinson "perturbed?"
 - See Dorothy Harriman perfectly serene?
- Did you ever?
No you never,
For you simply couldn't do so, don't you see?

THE ALPHABET AS THE SENIORS SAW IT IN 1913

- A stands for Allen our dear little cat,
she's not so very lean but she's kindo' fat.
- B stands for Billy, Vera's little beau,
he home with her one night did go.
- C stands for Claud the fattest one here,
he's most too fat to put in here I fear.
- D stands for Darn her, Oh! I did not mean that,
I meant Ethel Darner who in front of me sat.
- E stands for Elmer who's fame has spread wide,
but on 7th St. is his place of abide.
- F stands for Frank Sowers who all of you know,
he don't know his name is here so don't tell him so.

- G stands for Gerbracht who is never a fool,
but who is so awful so awfully good in school.
- H stands for Harold C., Vera's big bub,
who has no more sense than a big round tub.
- I stands for Isabel, and let me tell YOU,
she is one of the boys' chosen few.
- J stands for Joe who I'm sure you don't know,
and I think if 'twere possible to Gilbert would go.
- K stands for Kathryn the kitty of A,
she'd sit by E. J. most any day.
- L stands for Lawrence who is always so bright,
Miss Pollard will hardly let him out of sight.
- M stands for Maxine, Max for short,
he is rather tall but is lots of sport.
- N stands for Naomi as sweet as can be,
when it comes to that she can really beat me.
- O stands for one of us, which one I don't know,
you'll just have to guess everywhere so.
- P is for Pepper, he's very mild,
altho' he is his father's own child.
- Q stands for questions asked in exam,
we spread them on paper like strawberry jam.
- R stands for Ruby, you know that is me,
and I'm pinin' and pinin' my Lois to see.
- S stands for Schroeder our teacher dear,
and I'm sure she is worthy of a place in here.
- T stands for Teddy the cutest of all,
we're worrying for fear he'll never be tall.
- U stands for Us, some dumb I fear,
but I'm sure I had better put us in here.
- V stands for Vera who Billy thinks "IT,"
but I'm sure I do not one little bit.
- W stands for Wallis I know nuttin' 'bout,
don't know whether she laughs or whether she pouts.
- X stands for exams so hard and so punk,
I know there's nothing to do but flunk.
- Y stands for you whom I want back so bad,
I haven't got over YET being mad.
- Z stands for—Zip Boom Bah!
8th Grade Rah- Rah! Rah!

Written by Ruby Wasser to Lois Slocum in 1913.

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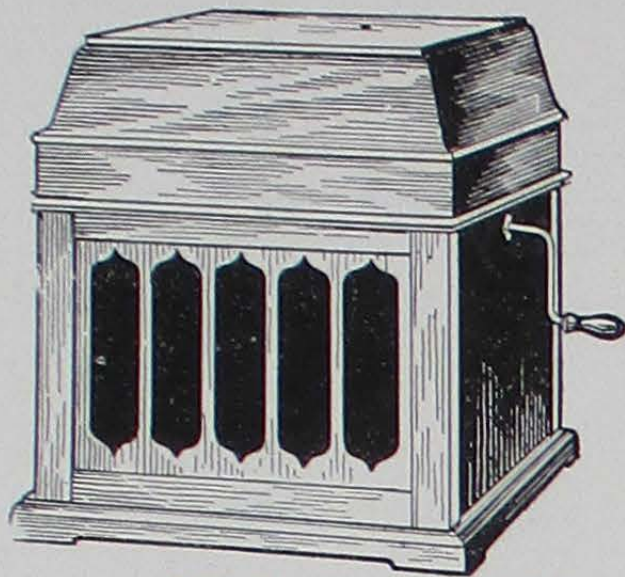
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